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Octopus: Freshman issue. Vol. 27, No. 1 September, 1948

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, September, 1948

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OCTOPUS

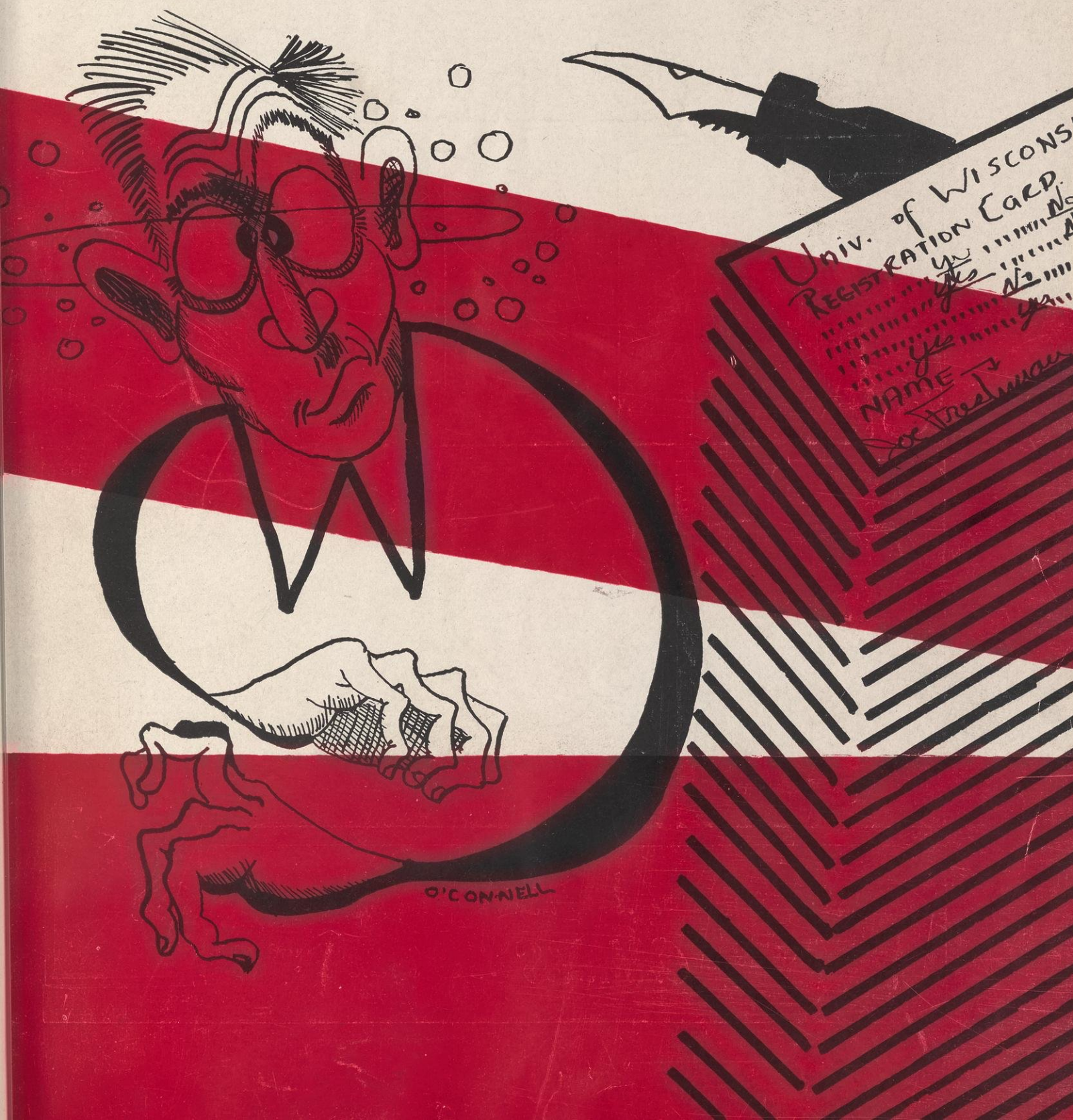
FRESHMAN ISSUE

Freshman Registration
Day—p. 18

Octy's Dream Girl—p. 25

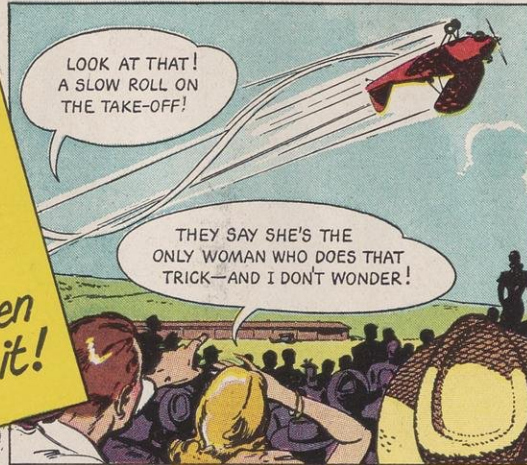
Cartoon Calendar—p. 35

September — 25c



WATCH THAT WING!

Daring
BETTY SKELTON
calls it
"precision
flying"—
but few men
would try it!



**"EXPERIENCE IS
THE BEST
TEACHER!"**

SAYS BETTY SKELTON,
"IN PRECISION FLYING...
AND IN CHOOSING A
CIGARETTE, TOO!"

WITH BETTY—AND MILLIONS
OF OTHER SMOKERS—
CAMELS ARE THE
"CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE."



I COMPARED
MANY DIFFERENT
BRANDS. COOL,
MILD **CAMELS**
SUIT ME TO
A 'T'

Betty Skelton

Let your "T-Zone"
tell you why!

T for Taste... T for Throat...

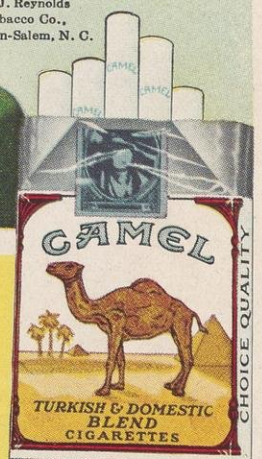
that's your proving ground
for any cigarette. See if
Camels don't suit your
"T-Zone" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

According to a Nationwide survey:
**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

Three nationally known independent
research organizations asked 113,597
doctors to name the cigarette they
smoked. More doctors named Camel
than any other brand.

**MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING
CAMELS THAN EVER BEFORE**



**THE CHOICE
OF EXPERIENCE**

+OC7
27-28



The Readers'

penned-up feelings

Dear Editor:

I would like to know who draws the cartoons for the magazine. Can anyone submit cartoons?

Sincerely,

John Wandhoff

University students of all kinds are cartooning for Octopus. We have had art majors, psychology majors, and even a physics major on the art staff. Anyone who is a university student may submit cartoons to Octopus. Of course, the same eligibility rules that apply to any other extra-curricular activity apply to Octopus.

We would be glad to see any cartoons any student cares to submit.
Ed.

Dear Ed:

Could you tell me whether Massachusetts Institute of Technology has a humor magazine, and if so what is its name?

Sincerely yours,

Quentin Clark

Sure. Voo Doo is the name of the humor magazine at M.I.T. It's very good, too. Editors.

Dear Editor:

Could a girl who is not in the University of Wisconsin be Octopus's "Dream Girl" of the month? I know a girl at another college who is really beautiful and would look wonderful in a full-page magazine photo.

Sincerely yours,

(Name withheld)

No girl who is not a student at Wisconsin is eligible for "Dream Girl." Since Octopus is the Wisconsin campus humor magazine, it would not be fair to go beyond the campus to select "Dream Girls."

Any Wisconsin co-ed, from freshman to graduate student, is eligible. The only requirement is that she be a registered student. Of course, a beautiful face helps, too. Ed.

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your magazine for a year now, and I have wondered why you don't put more spice into it. What good is a humor magazine without a little zest in it?

Sincerely yours,

Pat Drouden

BA3

Dear Editor:

Why does Octopus have to spoil itself by putting in off-color jokes and cartoons? A college humor magazine is supposed to be witty and satiric, not cheap and dirty.

—Alice Guernz

This is the Octopus' dilemma. Is Octopus bawdy or is it prudish? Every issue we get opinions on both sides. Perhaps the only answer is that it all depends on the individual reader whether or not he thinks jokes or cartoons are clean or dirty.

In any case, we are always glad to hear from readers. We want to know what the students think of the magazine, what they like, what they do not like, and what they would like to see.
Ed.

Dear Ed:

Someone told me Octopus once made fun of Gov. Julius Heil. Would you tell me something about it?

—An Interested Reader

In 1939, Octopus published "Poor Julius' Almanack," which was a compilation of quotations of Governor Heil. Quite a fuss was made over the "Almanack." Time magazine ran the news of it as the number one educational story of the week. Republican newspapers in the state criticized Octopus as an "impertinent" magazine. And the Capital Times reprinted the piece. Ed.

Dear Octopusians:

Pretty soon you'll be putting out your first issue of the year. It had better be good, or I won't subscribe.

Seriously, though, I hope your first issue is a big success, and I hope you will have as much fun with the magazine as I had.

—Bob Higgins

'47

Well, Mr. Higgins had better like this issue or we won't let him subscribe.

Seriously now: Bob Higgins was Associate Editor of Octopus during the 1946-47 school year. He is now a hard-working newspaperman who sells feature articles on the side.

Thanks, Bob, for the good wishes. We'll do our best. The Octopusians.

The Daily Cardinal

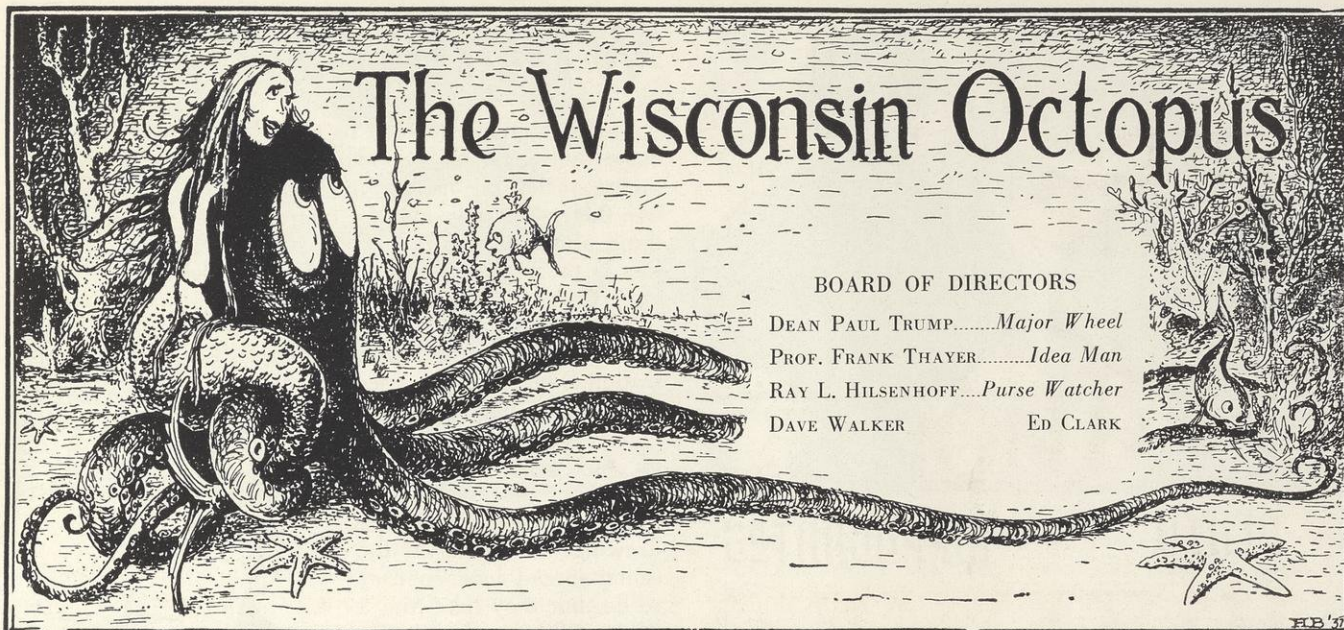
... as most of you know, is your daily newspaper owned and operated by you, the students at the University of Wisconsin.

We are convinced that the Cardinal is as vital a part of your college life as any textbook, and so this year as an added service to our traditional complete campus coverage we have leased a United Press wire to aid in keeping you abreast of world events. To insure that you will be well informed of what is happening on your campus, and that you will maintain a consciousness of national and international news, we offer you The Daily Cardinal at \$3.00 a semester or \$5.00 a year.

Dear Sirs,

I, _____, living at
_____, wish to subscribe to The
Daily Cardinal. I enclose _____ to cover the cost of my
subscription for _____.

MAIL TO 823 UNIVERSITY AVE.



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DEAN PAUL TRUMP.....*Major Wheel*
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Volume XXVII

SEPTEMBER, 1948

Number 1

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* * *

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Contributors

Roy Francis
 Sid Pritzert
 Ben Whitcomb

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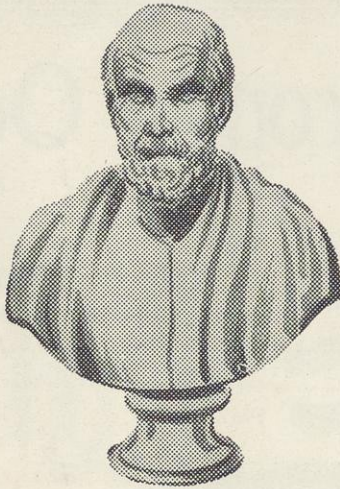
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Subscription rate, \$1.75 (subject to change without notice) per year in the U. S. and its Possessions (except the Virgin Islands). Single copies, 25c.



PLATO



HIPPOCRATES

We're Old Masters in the Art of Clothes for Men

University men and bank presidents . . .
hucksters and doctors all have one
thing in common regardless of size
or position in life. They like
comfortable, easy clothing. We've
found the way to suit all these types
just that way . . . with the model, fabric,
and pattern color of their choice.

KARSTENS

22 N. Carroll — On Capitol Square

Whom to blame

This column is devoted to exposing the students who make the magazine possible each month with their cartoons, stories, poems, editing, and business work. If you like their stuff, you may be interested in knowing something about them. And if you don't like their material, this is the place to find out whom to blame.

JOHN NERO

The lead-off man on this month's team is the fellow who drew the center-spread entitled "Freshman: Registration Day." John is a senior who majors in psychology but takes enough courses in the art department to make up the psych. profs suspicious of his loyalty.

Those shapeless-looking drawings of John's in the center-spread look so easy to do, but they take him a long time to draw. He works the drawings over again and again until he has just the subtlety of line. The result is that many people who do not ordinarily care for cartoons get a big kick out of Nero's curious little people. We hope that he will continue to draw more funny little people throughout the year.



ROY NEWQUIST

Roy is a journalism senior. He transferred last year from Marquette. This summer, to get away from journalism, he took a busman's holiday. He's been doing promotions, advertising, and publicity for the Club Chanticleer. Somehow he found time from working and writing short stories to sell to write "That We May Eat," a revealing look at the Union's kitchens, and contribute "The Fake Sunlight," the Octy Short Story of the Month.

SID PRITZERT

"The Splinter and the Board" was done by Sid Pritzert, who is a grad student member of the board about which he writes. Sid is a law student. He graduated in 1947 from the School of Journalism. His activities include the Cardinal, Union committees, and Student Board work.

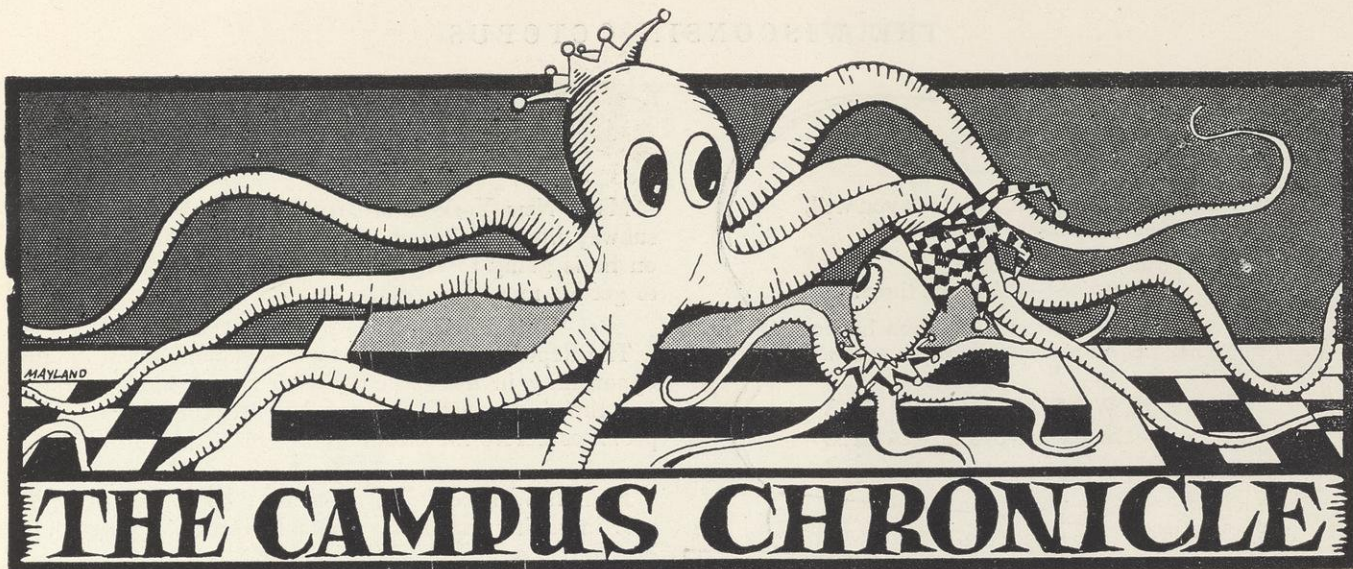
GEORGE O'CONNELL

A Madison student, George O'Connell, did the cover. He is the only bona fide art major on the staff. Although he likes to cartoon, he likes art design even better. The result is that this month's cover is both a cartoon drawing and an art design. George is married and just bought a car (not a new one). Anyone who wonders how a married student can buy a car these days will just have to keep wondering. George doesn't know himself.

RANDY HARRISON

Randy is a junior from Eau Claire. Besides being an Octopus editor and cartoonist, he works on student government projects and draws editorial page cartoons for the *Daily Cardinal*.

The staff was delighted when Randy brought in his newest brainchild, the Octy calendar for the month of October. Randy drew the calendar the same size as it is printed in the magazine, which makes one wonder how he could draw such clever little pictures into such small spaces. His idea of making the boxes for the weekend days larger than those for week days puts the right emphasis on the important days of the week (speaking from the point of view of the students, not the professors).



Break the Union

This summer workmen toiled manfully (they were all men) to do their best to destroy the appearance of the Union. Yes, redecoration was the excuse. Painters went to work and covered up the moldy looking walls with pastel shades. Welders, carpenters, and masons chopped holes in the walls next to the phone booths and one floor above that and seemed to have discovered rooms that never existed before.

Probably the worst part of the redecoration was that the Summer Prom could not be held in Great Hall. Instead, the cafeteria and Tripp Commons were turned into dance halls. Tripp Commons is not bad, but can you imagine walking through the cafeteria line with a tray and picking out the girl you wanted for the next dance?

* * *

Got a Match?

This one we heard of through a round-about way, so we may have it backwards. Anyway, there was a sweet girl living in a pretty room. She had a pretty bed and a pretty bed spread on it. But she was not happy. She wanted curtains for the windows which would match her bed spread.

The more she thought about it, the prettier she thought the curtains would look. So, since she was unsuccessful in finding the material for the curtains, she took her bed spread and cut it up into curtains. They are very pretty curtains. Now she is looking around for material to make a bed spread to match her beautiful curtains.

* * *

No Drinks Barred

This summer *Esquire* came out with a big article on liquor, mixed drinks, beer, etc. On one page was a big picture of a bar loaded with all kinds of wines, brandies, whiskeys, and accessory liquors. This, the magazine called a balanced bar. Little did *Esquire* know how unhappy this picture made a lot of fraternity men who have bars in frat house basements. The Greeks are wondering where they are going to get all the money needed to buy all the liquor so they will have truly "balanced" bars.

* * *

Well, Look Here

Look magazine finally got around to printing the pictures their photographer took on the campus last spring. The eight pages of pictures pleased some people, but disappointed a lot more. Everyone who had his picture taken by the Look photographer thought that Look showed poor judgment when his photo was not included.

Our biggest objection was the picture of the two chickens, one which had liver concentrate and one which had had to get along without it. The chickens may be nice birds, but who are they? Are they big wheels? No. The only thing they ever did was to live with/or without liver concentrate, something anyone can do.

There was a picture of President Fred sitting on his lawn. Behind him was the new men's dormitory. It's a good thing Look happened to mention the fact that it was a dormitory, or jealous college presidents all over the country would have wondered what kind of a school Wisconsin is to give the president a four floor mansion to live in.

Mort Levine, Cardinal editor, got his picture in Look. The photo shows him sitting in the foreground of the Cardinal newsroom, thoughtfully rubbing his chin. It looks like he's thinking, but what he is actually doing is contemplating ace reporter Karl Meyer's snozzola, which may be seen protruding into the picture from the right margin. Meyer has an exceptionally fine "nose for news."

* * *

Gilt-Edged Humor

A group of students sat around a table in the Rathskeller. They were discussing Student Board's attempts to get money to run student government activities. One bright lad suggested that Student Board be incorporated for profit and that stock be sold to the students.

Quipped Lynn Giese, of numerous NSA activities, "What would you call it, laughing stock?"

* * *

Student Bites Antivivisectionists

One lazy afternoon a group of young men sat around a table on the Union terrace and talked about life's big problems. Before long they got to the subject of vivisection. It was agreed that the antivivisectionists were a little bit extreme in their arguments.

Sid Pritzert summed everything up. "An antivivisectionist," he said, "is generally a middle-aged woman who treats her husband like a dog and her dog like a husband."

* * *

Readers' Note

All readers are invited to submit items to the Campus Chronicle. What is desired are odd happenings on campus, humorous incidents in the lives of students, funny things professors say by mistake, funny embarrassing moments. The situation should be funny and readable regardless of who is concerned. And remember, the emphasis is on the campus scene.

QUESTIONS

- A** Twice featured here, now look you well,
In seventy-six my symbol fell.
- B** Just concentrate initially
Your big reward—the magic three!
- C** Seven show white and two show brown
They helped to bring me much renown.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

WATCH FOR THE WINNERS
IN NEXT ISSUE

Octy extends to you
an Invitation
to Laugh

Bought on the news stand
Octopus costs \$2.25 a year.
Save now by subscribing
9 or 8 issue rate.

WISCONSIN OCTOPUS
Memorial Union
Madison, Wis.
Dear Octy,

Yes, I want to laugh through the year with Octopus.

- ☐ 9 issues \$1.75
☐ 8 issues \$1.50

Name

Address

That's Life

Many New Yorkers are still peeved about the recent subway hike. A friend of ours confides that from now on he is going to ride the trains twice as long in order to get his money's worth.

* * *

The Republican Congress took advantage of an unique opportunity in the special session last August. For the first time in history it succeeded in breaking its campaign promises before the election.

* * *

Even if Wallace's first name isn't Dick, would we be safe in saying that some Tom or Harry is going to be our next President?

* * *

Joe Louis continues to insist that he is through with boxing, which is the best news that potential heavyweight fighters have had since Gene Tunney's retirement. We expect Two-Ton Tony Galento to start making threatening noises any moment now.

* * *

We know a local confectionery where all five cent candies have been reduced from six cents to five cents.

* * *

President Truman's claim that he will be re-elected has been scoffed at by Republicans as whistling in the dark. We predict that the real fireworks will start if Truman decides to do any Whistling in Dixie.

* * *

Norman Thomas, perennial Socialist candidate for the presidency, avers that this is positively the last time. After the November election, we assume that Thomas will be retired to pasturage where he will write his memoirs, "My Twenty-Five Years Outside the White House."

* * *

Dr. Townsend of old age pension fame has come out for Henry Wallace. At the same time 92-year-old George Bernard Shaw has announced his support of Wallace. Can this be collusion?

* * *

We learn from Life Magazine that hens have a rigid and totalitarian social code. Could this be a form of Communism? We suggest that the Un-American Committee investigate these Reds, particularly those from Rhode Island.

* * *

With the long arm of the draft set to go into motion, we feel safe in predicting that brown will be the predominant color in the well-dressed young man's wardrobe.

* * *

Because of his clam-like silence on important issues before the Republican convention, Governor Dewey has been tagged as the man whom no one did not want. With the nomination safely in the bag, however, we expect that Dewey will soon forthrightly declare himself on such controversial points as sin and the family.

The scene was an art exhibition in the Union art gallery. Two old women walked slowly about the room, peering at highly subjective experiments in art. They stopped before one highly polished piece of mahogany which was very curvaceous.

After a short look, one old lady said, "If I knew what it meant, I'd say it was downright indecent."



Lower State Street, Madison's Ultra-Modern Shopping Center

Madison, I Love You

This is written especially for freshmen to introduce them to what will be their home for four years, if they keep from flunking. This is the true story of Madison.

Madison is a city located on a narrow isthmus. (Isthmus is certain.) It is called the Four Lake City. The four are Mendota and Monona, which put the squeeze on Madison's middle section, and two lakes which are miles away, Waubesa and Kegonsa. Since Waubesa and Kegonsa are nearer to Madison than they are to Beloit, Madison claims them.

(There is a fifth lake, Wingra, but this is not considered to be more than a puddle, being only large enough to drown the whole population of Madison.)

* * *

The (good) people of Madison think that the city was named after Dolly Madison's husband, but this is not true. The truth is that the city was named after the city's first tavern, the first building the city ever had.

The tavern was run by a wench called Madeline and nicknamed "Maddy" for short. The tavern was called "Maddy's Inn." This was adopted as the name of the town.

After the town grew big enough to support a handful of W.C.T.U. members they campaigned against the city's name, and it was thus corrupted into "Madison."

* * *

Madison has a well-developed transportation system. There are numerous bus-lines running to where you don't want to go. I never rode a Madison bus myself. I could never stay up late enough at night to be around when there is room on the buses.

* * *

There are four cab companies in town, and, I believe, one cab per company. The cabs are now directed by FM radio. This means that it is easy to arrange it so that when you want to go east, all cabs are going west. Only FM radio could do this.

* * *

Madison has a city manager form of government. There are councilmen too. At this writing, the ESBMA (East Side Business Men's Association) is mad at the councilmen for having the trees cut down out on East Washington avenue. What the ESDA (East Side Dogs' Association) thinks of it, I don't know.

Entertainment? There's a lot to do in Madison. If you don't want to go to a movie at the Orpheum, there are six other theaters to go to.

Perhaps Madison's greatest entertainment opportunity are its lakes. The lakes are covered by ice in winter and scum in summer.

* * *

Madison has one of the finest zoos of any city of its size in the country.

Vilas Park used to have an elephant, bought by the children's pennies. Her name was Annie. Last spring she died. Annie's death was the biggest piece of local news since State street was paved.

* * *

Madison has its interesting people too. There's "Jeem" Demetral, an aging wrestler who was world's champion in his weight division and who was in Ripley's Believe It Or Not. And there's another wrestler, Spike Peterson, who says he'll beat Demetral, but never does.

There's always Madison's own Roundy Coughlin, who writes a daily column in the *Wisconsin State Journal*. The column is written in English even worse than that used by Octopus writers.

—ED CLARK

CAMPUS JARGON

Compiled by JOE DERMER

Terms All Freshmen Should Know

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR. One who looks down at an instructor.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR. One who looks down at an assistant professor.

AYD. An organization dedicated to the preservation of a more democratic way of life. Accomplishes this by calling all who disagree reactionary and fascistic.

BADGER. The university year book. Year in which it appears is undetermined.

BASCOM HALL. Beloved three-story fire trap which houses President Fred, the English and foreign language departments, the psychology department, and a janitor who looks for people smoking in the building.

BASCOM HILL. An obstacle course used by army during the war.

CARDINAL. 1. Of basic importance. 2. A bird. 3. An ecclesiastical prince. 4. A color. 5. A woman's hood. 6. A newspaper (obsolete).
CUTTING. National pastime played by students at all universities. At some universities sixteen consecutive cuts entitle the student to free admission to football games. (Wisconsin is not one of these.)

DRAMA REVIEW. An excuse for William Kay Archer to display his well-developed vocabulary.

ENGINEER. A student who hates law students.

FINAL EXAMINATION. Ancient form of torture believed to have been used first by the Greeks. At first, employed generally, now reserved for the most degenerate part of the population. When extreme pain is desired, a twenty-four page blue book is used.

FOOTBALL STADIUM. That which a university is built around.

FRATERNITY. An organization in which the many benefit at the expense of one.

FRED, EDWIN B. An itinerant farmer, now residing at 10 Babcock Drive.

FRESHMAN. One who doesn't cut classes till he is a sophomore. May be recognized by slightly befuddled facial expression.

GRADUATE ASSISTANT. One who looks down at a graduate student.

GRADUATE SCHOOL. A haven for seniors who are afraid to go to work.

GRADUATE STUDENT. One who looks down at undergraduates.

HOMECOMING. Formerly a time when anything including homicide was legal. Changed by recent reform; homicide is no longer legal.

INFIRMARY. Temporary to permanent resting place for sick students. Schedule: Slight fever—one month;



Slight fever and headache—six months; Slight fever, headache and sore throat—indeinitely.

LAWYER. A student who hates an engineer.

LEVINE, MORT. Student majoring in economics. Also engages in minor extra-curricular activities.

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM. 1. Sixteenth president of the United States. 2. A statue in front of Bascom Hall which rises courteously every time a virtuous female passes before it.

MORTON, PROFESSOR. Famous authority on boxing. Also lectures in Money and Banking, the commerce student's favorite course.

PROFESSOR. One who looks down at an associate professor.

RATHSKELLER. University loafing place. More classes are cut here

than any other place in the city.
ROTC. A military course at the university which transforms undernourished, puny young men into undernourished, puny old men.

SEATING ARRANGEMENT. An unique system whereby 95% of all seats are reserved for newspapermen, legislators, etc. The remainder goes to faculty and students.

SOUTH HALL. Ancient edifice, origin unknown. Constructed of highly inflammable materials.

STUDENT BOARD. The students' government. Runs elections, investigates, proposes, and supports Madison post office through lavish use of stamps.

STUDENT ELECTIONS. An opportunity for prospective wheels to get their pictures in the Cardinal.

TEMPORARY BUILDING-16. An edifice located somewhere west of Middleton. Students electing classes in this building during the winter do so at their own risk.

TIME TABLE. Booklet giving information concerning class assignments. Contains only 7:45 and Saturday morning classes.

THREE POINT. 1. Beer. 2. Worse than 3.2 beer. 2. Mythical grade point average.

TRADITION. A professor who has been teaching the same course so long no one has the courage to tell him he is in a rut.

TRUMP, PAUL L. Dean of Men. Whenever you get out of line, you get your ace Trumped.

T-SQUARE. A device for keeping engineers on the straight and narrow.

"W" DAY. A chance for co-eds to get their lipstick smeared without kissing anyone.

WILLOWS. Slang expression for a stretch of parking space along Mendota Bay. Famed in folk lore as osculators' asylum.

WISCONSIN REVIEW. A literary magazine which is always coming but never arrives. May appear in Wisconsin's second centennial year.

YOUTH. A professor in a sports jacket.

ZELDES, JACK. Only Z that came to mind. Mort Levine's accomplice.

By Sid Pritzert

The Splinter and the Board

When I awakened, my head ached as if it had been squeezed in a wine press. The taste of fish scales was gone, but in turn I salivated a pasty, clammy taste. My clothes were still saturated with water. Some time during the night one of my saddle shoes had been lost overboard. I was lying face down on the bottom of the rubber raft. Painfully I rolled over and stared blindly at the blazing sun. I sat up. Dizziness enveloped me and sent my senses reeling. After a while I looked about myself. Terror gripped my arches, swept up the calves of my legs, seized my torso, and completely froze my heart. Unbelievably I stared. Yesterday there were—happy, joyful student board members alive and now all that remained was the board president, slumped in the far end of the raft, and, draped over the left side of the yellow raft, was our once cheery socialist. I shook them both and then sighed deeply as I realized that they both still lived.

No sight of the shore line, I thought. Oh yes, there it was, only the hurricane had so materially damaged the trees and buildings that I hardly recognized them.

* * *

Yesterday seemed so long ago. We had planned the picnic for a long time. The university had officially declared June 10th as Student Board day. We had voted ourselves an outing to celebrate the conclusion of a successful year of legislating. Even the balloting had gone smoothly with only three abstentions to the motion. Big George Wheeler had lodged a protest over certain items on the budget, such as ten dollars for mustard, and three dollars for can openers, but we assured him that there would be an investigation of the items next year, and that he would receive the chairmanship of the committee and plenty of house in the Daily Cardinal.

There wasn't an inkling of the pending trouble until we were all seated in the raft. The yellow rubber life raft was a gift from the university administration. They had received it gratis from the federal government and the President's office was only too happy to facilitate our adventurous boat trip. We were even offered a box of rocket flares and radar equipment, but we were forced

to refuse these items, as the two kegs of beer occupied the greater part of the raft's hold.

Englehardt automatically claimed captainship of the raft, although he had to dispute it with Dick John who settled for the position of first mate. The basic dispute brewed and boiled over when the jobs of who should row were mentioned. I announced that I was exempt from work because of the austerity of my position as graduate member on the board. Liz Rice felt my puny biceps and agreed with me. Then the fraternity and dormitory representatives started to squabble, then to argue, then to yell, then to fight.

"Quiet," the captain yelled. "Let's compromise," retorted White. So we did. The independents on board rowed; the fraternity and dormites sat back and enjoyed their compromise.

Our goal was an island about four hundred yards off Maple Bluff. Some of the members were already getting at the food. They were the smart ones, for they realized that those who grab first, get the most. I started to munch on some small roasted quail, throwing the bones and feathers over my shoulder. After that I consumed a quantity of cheese souffles, a vignette of peppered tomatoes, some soured Polish potato peelings, several German salt sticks soaked in wine, and candied yams baked a la neuburg. I reached for the pickle jar but met the immersed fingers of Nancy Phillips.

"Pig," she hissed. "I saw you graft a pickle while you were carrying the food to the boat." I ignored her insult, rising to the dignity of my position, and thought how that first swiped pickle had soured in my stomach, anyhow.

Tom Fox, arch Republican from Wauwatosa, glanced haughtily at us over his copy of the New Republic, then returned to his avarous reading. Cunningly I watched Dick John's right hand cautiously inching over to the potato chips. With a gleeful laugh, I smashed the heel of my shoe on his fingers and mashed them and the chips into a useless pulp.

"Curse you," he shouted and started to flap the useless appendages in the air.

Our raft had started to drift aim-

lessly when we were half way across the lake. I noticed that both of our two independent rowers had ceased their operations. Englehardt stood up and shouted in his most savage Captain Bligh voice, "Row, swine, row."

"No, sir," answered the two. "Abbott's just pledged Sigma Phi and Breitkopf is joining the Phi Gams."

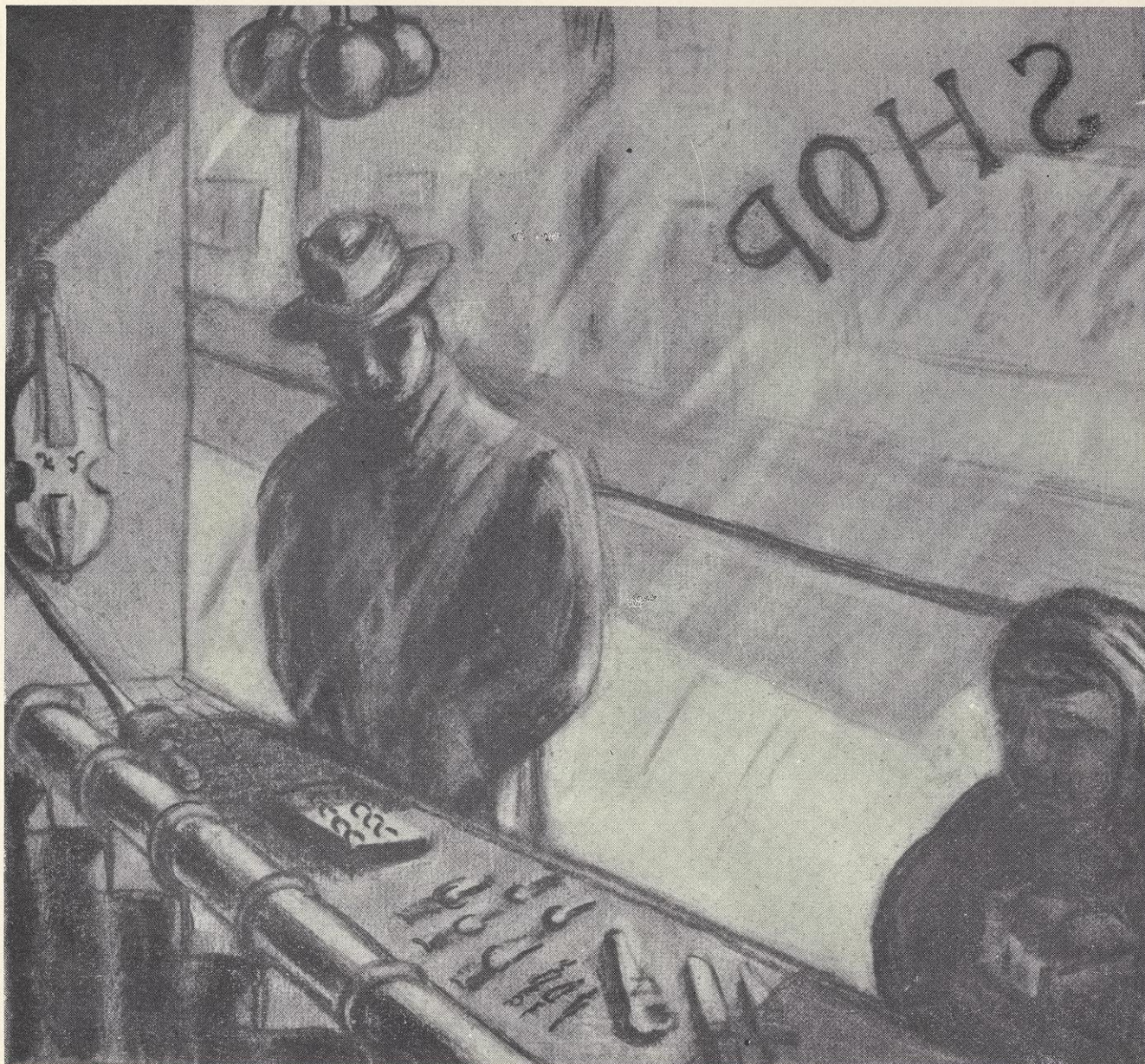
Consternation filled our raft. We were adrift in a boat with no one humble enough to row. Soon the pack was squabbling among themselves. What once had been the best in wheels had deflated into a fighting mob of politicians. Absorbed in their morass of petty feuds, the group failed to notice how the wind had picked up in intensity. The clouds quickly obliterated the sun, and the water churned into threatening waves. Someone shoved Rice, and she fell against the oars, knocking them overboard. No one noticed their loss. It wasn't until the rain had started to fall, that we noticed a storm had risen. We tried desperately to paddle back to shore, but our hands were useless against the strong current carrying us farther out into the inky seas. The storm took on terrifying intensities. Gigantic waves lashed us, as the raft tossed and lurched about like a chip going over a water fall. If help didn't arrive soon, all would be lost.

Tom, our brave captain, started to sing the hymn "When the Great Ship Went Down." Our gallant board members joined in, but the murderous waters claimed with one swoop our members. The raft spun crazily, caught between cross currents. From then on, we lost board members into the brink with a rapidity of a machine gun fire. I kept praying and singing the 23rd Psalm over and over, as the weary hours dragged on, until I passed out from exhaustion.

At the dawn, when I had recovered from the previous night, I thought of all those happy Tuesday night board sessions. How we had worked all year and had this picnic in mind as our just reward for our services. And now, all was gone; our world, our work, our friendships.

I didn't notice the blue and white cabin cruiser that had come up behind the raft. "I say there, Badger,

(continued on page 34)



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT STOLZ

The Fake Sunlight

By ROY NEWQUIST

The man was young, and when he stopped to stare at the pawnshop window his face was clear-boned in the sunlight and freshly shaven. Below a tilt-brimmed hat his eyes were blue and squinted by the downpour of light, and above his overcoat a March-chilled mouth breathed frosty little puffs that merged paradoxically with the sunlight.

A streetcar rattled past, clattering its hideous orange bulk eastward down the concourse of Wells street. Another streetcar, heading west, gnawed at the steep slope of the hill.

Aside from these motorized sounds, and the thin trickle of mid-afternoon

auto traffic, the street was bereft of all activity save the sweepings of humanity that shuffled along the cold worn pavement.

They were a strange lot, these. The broken, the misshapen, the misspent. Bums with red-rimmed eyes, running noses, and slithering footsteps; men who one day must have dreamed better dreams, and seen better reflections in mirrors better than pawnshop windows. The young, clear-boned man started at these, frowningly, for he was not one of them. His overcoat fit, and his chin was free of grimy stubble.

He stood there for several minutes,

then moved on with precision steps. He rounded the corner, and walked toward Wisconsin avenue, moving faster as the rush of wind swept the street and poured its coldness into his face.

He stared at the tips of his feet as he walked, his head bowed. The brown oxfords with a fairly glossy shine moved one ahead of the other, one ahead of the other, until he reached the drugstore at the corner of Wisconsin avenue and Sixth street.

A newsboy called shrill fragments into the afternoon; he made "Extra" into a three-syllabled word, and fol-

(continued on page 32)

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The Truth About "Casey"

By ROY FRANCIS

We all recall the story well: Mudville is at bat. It's the last of the ninth, two out, two runs behind. Two players manage to get on base; they are on second and third when Casey (mighty Casey) "comes advancing to the plate." So what does the author try to claim? He says that the pitcher pitched to the batter, and Casey loused up the show by striking out.

That sort of thing just isn't good baseball. The batter would have been walked. It is stretching poetic license too much to say that such was not the case. We can agree with the situation as the poet suggested: last of the ninth, two out, men on second and third, and the league's leading hitter comes to the plate. But what really happened? Well, it's like this:

A signal from the catcher and the pitcher came to talk: No one in the crowd could doubt that Casey was to walk. Anyone in the field that day would have done the same. Since any kind of hit at all would have tied up the game.

Now Casey was aware of this; how well he must have known

That the manager had decided four straight balls would then be thrown.

This darkened Casey's future, since to let the balls go by Would be to miss the chance to hit the winning fly.

The pitcher faces Casey, and in an easy stride
Throws the baseball homeward—very high and wide.
Casey takes a mighty swing, trying very hard
But manages to miss the ball by at least a yard.

Oh! how the patrons angered and shouted their dismay.
"Dumkopf!" "Look them over!" "Take a walk today!"
Casey, too, was angered, and he signaled to them all
That just *one* swing was needed to hit it oe'r the wall.

The crowd still showed its anger and shouted its disgust,
For a man that swings at wide ones is a man you cannot trust.

Once more the pitcher throws it wide; once more Casey swings—

But a strain in Casey's shoulder is all his effort brings.

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echoes answered "Fraud!"

But one scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed.

They saw his face go deadly white; they saw his muscles strain

And they knew that Casey would not lift that bat again.

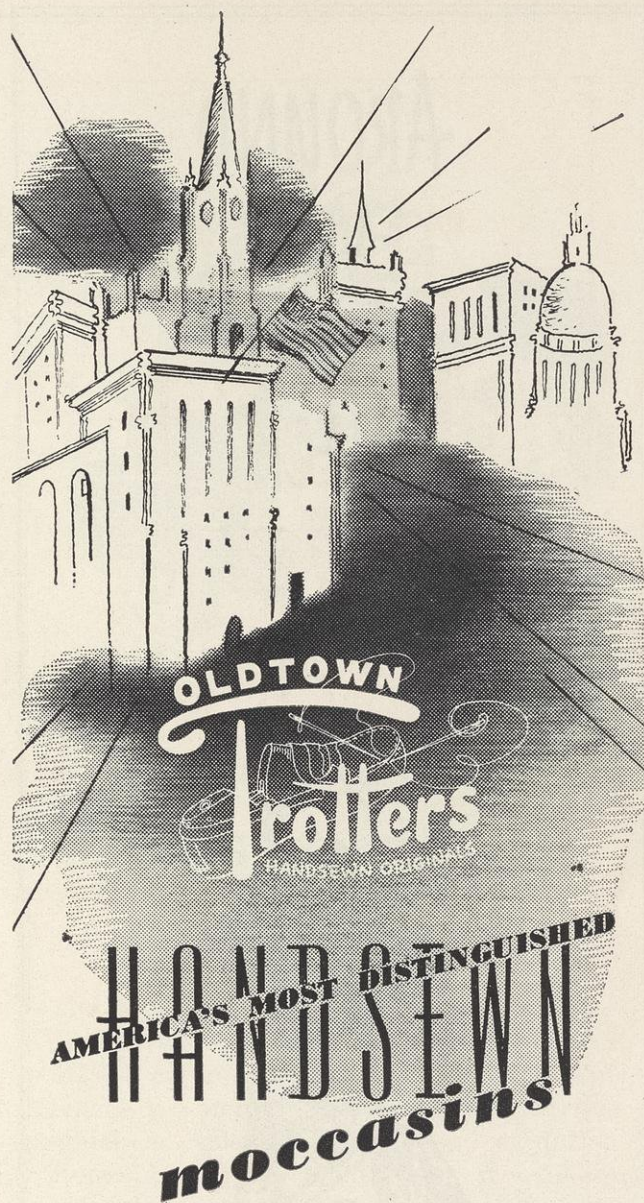
The catcher signals once again; the pitcher nods his head,
And faces mighty Casey (whose face had now turned red).
The pitcher, save for spitting once, does not emotion show;

He looks towards third, then faces home, and gives a mighty throw.

Somewhere in this favored land, the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere; somewhere hearts are light.

With the bat still on his shoulder, Casey lost out being great:

The third ball that the pitcher threw crossed the center of the plate.



Brown, green or red elk.

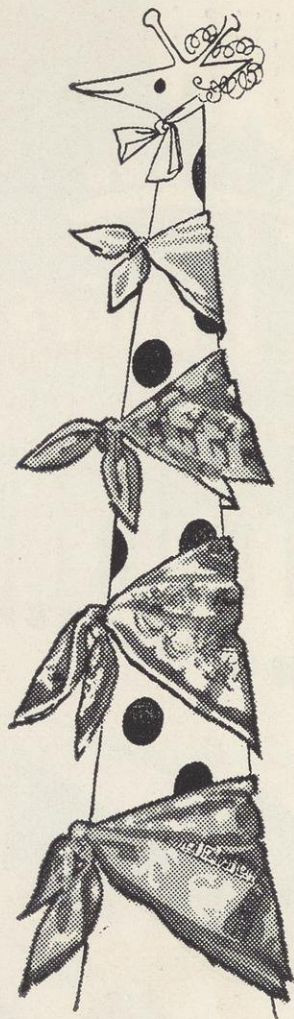
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That We May Eat

By ROY NEWQUIST

(Scene: The dietitians' experimental kitchen in the Union just before lunch at an anonymous midwestern state university located at or in Madison, Wisconsin. The three dietitians in the prologue are seated near the stoves, stirring assorted kettles and adding strange ingredients, when the CHIEF DIETITIAN enters, showing Miss Gloria Ames, a bride-to-be, through the kitchen.

FIRST DIETITIAN:

Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

SECOND DIETITIAN:

Thrice the brindled cat has mewed.

THIRD DIETITIAN:

Thrice and once the hedge pig whined.

FIRST DIETITIAN:

Round and round the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one.

ALL:

Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

CHIEF DIETITIAN (She is dressed completely in white. Stops to stamp on the floor in front of the ovens containing angel-food cake): Miss Ames, there is a great deal I can show you. A perfectly managed home is a home where the husband is glad to take you to a restaurant to eat. I shall show you how to drive him to a restaurant before the honeymoon is over.

MISS AMES: Oh, *thank you!*

CHIEF DIETITIAN: Yes, Miss Ames, we are doing some really fine work here. Only last week the ROTC molded a dummy from our Swedish meat balls to use for bayonet practice. We—(stops to smell and taste a vat of Welsh Rarebit). Hecate, you haven't put nearly enough moth balls in this rarebit. It is atrociously palatable.

HECATE (Adds a half-dozen good-sized moth balls and stirs the concoction madly, cackling all the while): The toast is hard and tasteless, though, Chief. Just as you like it served.

CHIEF DIETITIAN: Good. Now here, Miss Ames, is our fifty-five cent noon luncheon. Sea shell macaroni. It's quite a task to make. We have to avoid putting enough hamburger into it, and the sea shells must be cooked to form a gooey paste. To vary the consistency we add a few genuine sea shells. This does a fine job on the students' bridgework. (She stops to taste the sea-shell dish, spits it out and grimaces.) Very well done, Anna, it couldn't be worse.

ANNA (bowing): Thank you, Chief. Won't you taste the cornbread? I added just enough sawdust to leave the choking sensation you desire—

CHIEF DIETITIAN: I trust you implicitly, Ann. (Aside Miss Ames.) Anna is the finest dietitian I've ever had. Her last name is Borgia.

MISS AMES: If only Mother had known these little things!

CHIEF DIETITIAN: Now, here's a splendid dish we developed. It's called Manhattan Meat Pie. A simple recipe, but simple. We just use four cans of Red Heart

in a mold of dog biscuits crumpled and pasted together. It's horrid.

MISS AMES: But it looks so good!

CHIEF DIETITIAN: That's our secret, Miss Ames. Almost all of our dishes look good. Why, try our Spanish Rice. Loaded with onions and celery and tomato cores. Students actually take the first forkful with relish, and then turn green. We use plaster of Paris. And our salads! Who would guess that the whipped cream is absolutely tasteless, and that we use no dressings whatever? The grapes have three seed pits instead of the ordinary one, and the oranges are grown in Saskatchewan and are as sour as they can be.

MISS AMES: Wonderful! Do you have many fine ptomaine cases?

CHIEF DIETITIAN (Draws herself up proudly): Miss Ames, our object is not to kill; it is to starve into submission. (She stops before a long tray containing round objects nestling together.) Here is our pride. Swedish Meat Balls. For eight years we've been serving them, and not once have we received a compliment. They're ideal for fall, when unsuspecting new students are coming into school.

MISS AMES: They look as though they *could* be deceptive.

CHIEF DIETITIAN: They're loathsome, really. You see, in the sauce we mix copy paste—used Cardinal paste, at that. It congeals quite nastily. The meat balls are made of one part meat, one part overcooked rice, one part chopped rubber bands. We mold them together with LePage's glue. And they're made by a Norwegian!

MISS AMES: Sounds ecstatic! On our honeymoon I must try to make them!

CHIEF DIETITIAN: It's not easy, Miss Ames. See our bread? How doughy it is? In the past year we've had three cases of near-strangulation.

MISS AMES: How do you do it?

CHIEF DIETITIAN: Glucose, Miss Ames, glucose. (Moves on.) Another advantage we have is the steam kitchen. Our food has time to blend its tastes; all meat comes out tasting just like all the other meat, and we have fish. Simply EVERYTHING tastes of fish. We keep

(continued on page 16)



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THAT WE MAY EAT . . .

(continued from page 15)

our mashed potatoes watered and tasteless, and last year Hecate discovered a way to make our gravy taste like Portland cement. We've used her recipe ever since.

MISS AMES: Mother never taught me these things!
(The three dietitians at the stove chant.)

FIRST DIETITIAN:

Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

SECOND DIETITIAN:

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;

THIRD DIETITIAN:

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blindworm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing;

ALL:

For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

CHIEF DIETITIAN: We use very little spice in the kitchen, Miss Ames. Moth balls season almost everything; they add a delightful off-taste. We use old kitchenware that sheds the taste of aluminum, and occasional bits of wormwood and gall. We've used formaldehyde with fine results. (Dashes a few drops of turpentine over a burnt-sugar cake.) See this angel-food cake? Well, when we serve it we cover it with a sharp, sour lemon sauce that contrasts horribly with the sweetness of the cake and the whipped cream. We've *never* had a student come back for a second.

MISS AMES: Wonderful.

CHIEF DIETITIAN: Some dishes, of course, must be served in their old-fashioned, straight-forward form. That keeps the students coming. We call them the "decoys."

MISS AMES: Not too many, I hope.

CHIEF DIETITIAN: Never. Now, here's our coffee. When coffee is shipped into this country there are some bags that burst and spill the contents on the docks. This coffee is swept up, together with the delightful assortment of refuse lying on the wharf, and shipped to us. Our coffee is vile, wonderfully vile. Milk we can do nothing about. Cows are cows, damn them, and unless we can put them on a turnip diet—

MISS AMES: What about your cornbread I've heard so much about?

CHIEF DIETITIAN: Our cornbread is made so it will crumble at the touch of a finger. We achieve a fine off-taste by using a bit of wood-pulp and dying the dough with Rit. Now (her voice fades away) let me show you the rest. As a bride you should be a tremendous success, Miss Ames. A credit to everything I've shown you . . .

(Dietitians begin to murmur again, still stirring their kettles.)

FIRST DIETITIAN:

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

SECOND DIETITIAN:

Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock, digg'd in the dark.

THIRD DIETITIAN:

Finger of a birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab;
Make the gruel thick and slab.

ALL:

Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble . . .



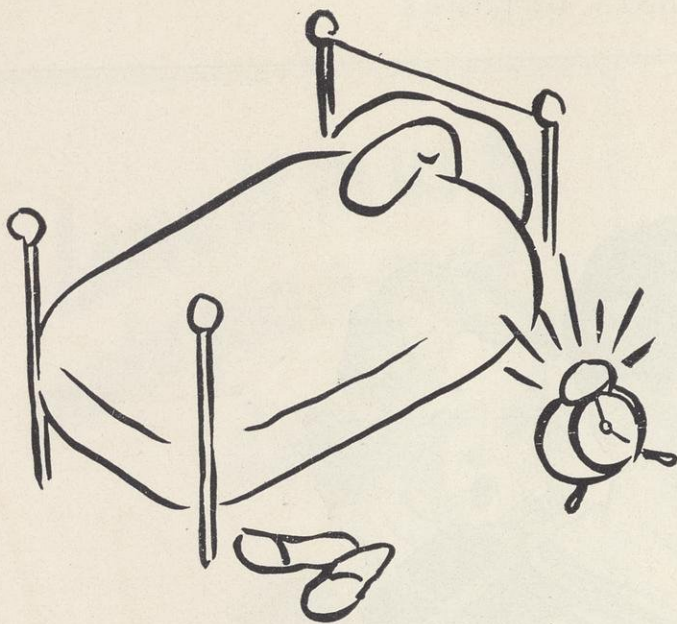
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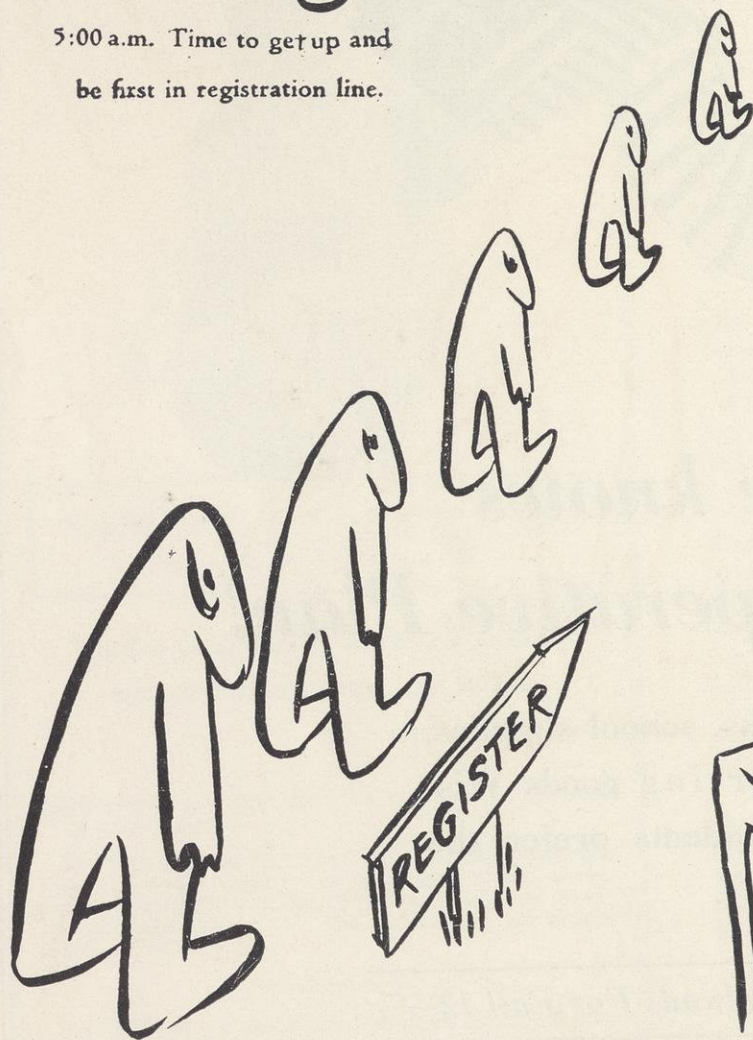
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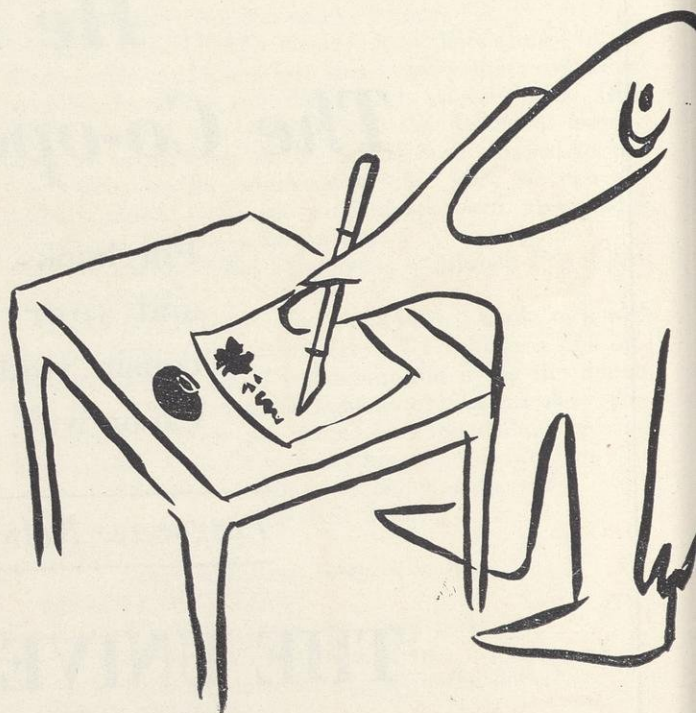


5:00 a.m. Time to get up and
be first in registration line.



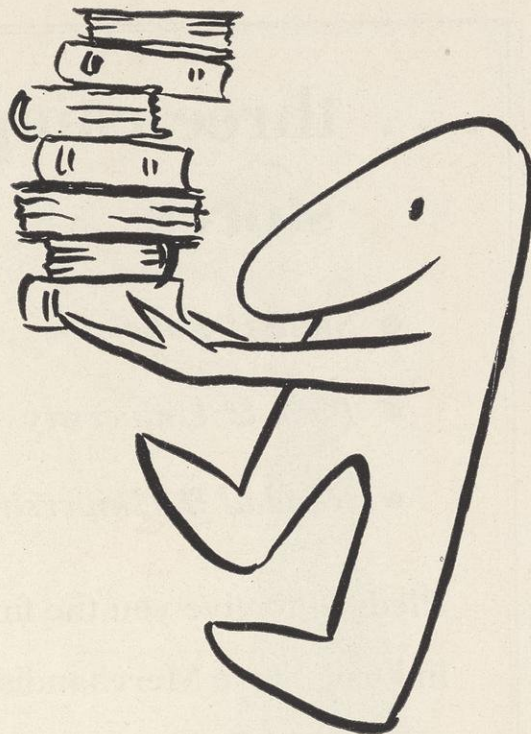
8:00 a.m. In line.

Freshman:

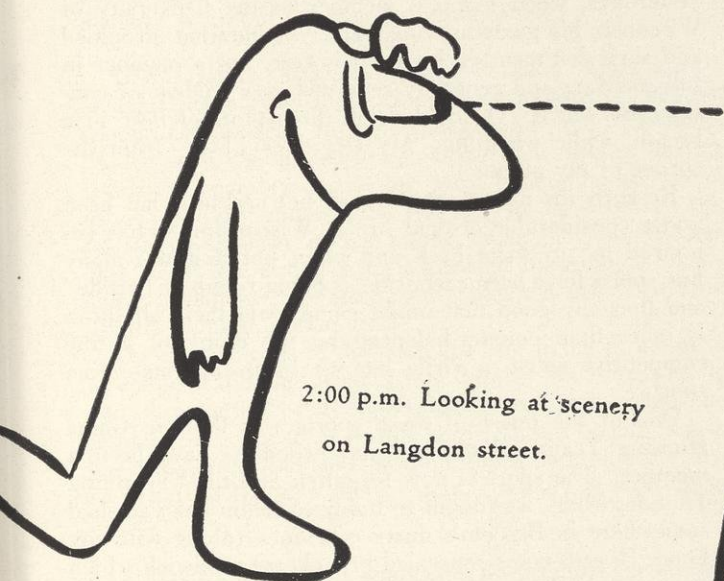


11:30 a.m. Registering at last.

3:00 p.m. Buying books, books, books.

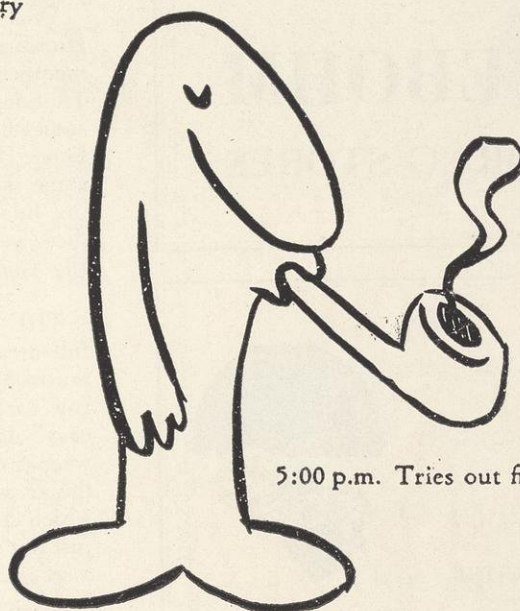


2:00 p.m. Looking at scenery
on Langdon street.



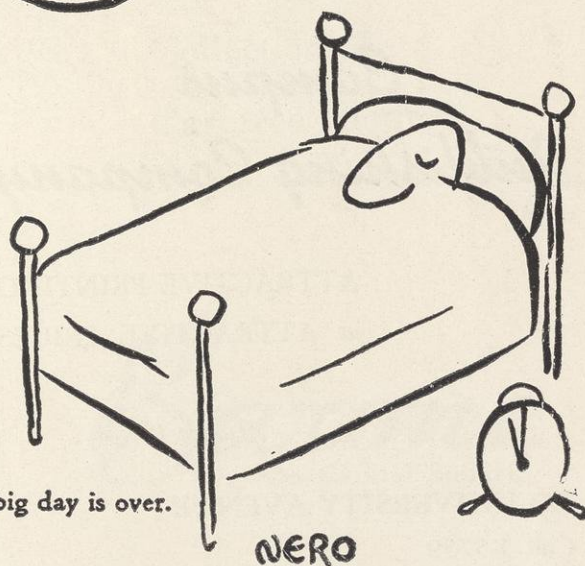
stration Day

5:00 p.m. Tries out first collegiate pipe.



8 p.m. First Rathskeller beer.

11:00 p.m. The big day is over.



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WISCONSIN'S FORGOTTEN SPORT

By BEN WHITCOMB

While probing among the memoirs stored in my attic one rainy afternoon, I stumbled across a small, ribbon-bound packet of photographs taken in the dear dead yesterdays, when I was a member of the University of Wisconsin big game hunting team. A somewhat atrophied and shriveled member I was, it is true, but a member in full standing and generally regarded as a student of considerable talent. (I could drink three pints of beer in a breath, while whistling "My Dog Has Fleas" from the corner of my mouth.)

Recently the manly art (boxing, not necking) has been under considerable critical fire at Wisconsin. It has behooved me to write back and point out that too many fine sports have been cast aside as being rough or "crude" and that any good that might come from their abolition is more than counter-balanced by the dying of a fine competitive spirit, a virile interest in strong, masculine sports.

One of the finest of these sports was the Big Game Hunting Team, of which I am proud to have been a member. The sport is now forgotten and the "Traveling Thunder Mug" we fought so nobly to retain has vanished somewhere in Bascom's dusty corridors (along with my Econ. 1b crib notes concealed in a cheese sandwich which some skunk plucked from my pocket as I went in to take my final). At any rate, I shall try to reconstruct from these yellowing photographs a word picture of one of the Big Game Hunting competitions.

* * *

THE FIRST PICTURE shows our four-man team in full array just before the firing began. All wore heavy mustaches, Teddy Roosevelt-type sun helmets, and double-row cartridge belts with suspenders. In those "free-and-easy" days, each participant was allowed to pick his own weapons, and our variety of attacks can be pictured from the arms we carry. One member bore a shot gun (from which he fired scrap iron, I believe, as the regents had just cut the budget and ammunition was high that year); a second armed himself with a rifle; a third had a butterfly net; and one member carried only a club.

In the photograph President Mercator Arthur Snodgrass stands with the traveling trophy in hand, a finely chased, silver-handled chamber pot. Slightly to the rear and about two feet to the left of Snodgrass stand: (1) a trained nurse; (2) an ammunition carrier; (3) a blacksmith whose function it was to repair damaged weapons; (4) a janitor employed to remove fired cartridges from underfoot, lest one of the team slip and fall; and (5) a cow, one of several over-age specimens donated by the Ag. department to serve as our targets. There were about 20 of these beasts scattered over Camp Randall (at that time an open, grassy sward) where the several inter-collegiate teams took up their stands.

At precisely 10:00 a.m. President Snodgrass blew a small brass whistle, property of the physics department which also had supplied their own blacksmith and took a keen interest in the outcome. The firing then commenced. (In those days we used black powder which created considerable smoke, and the photographer could get pictures only when a puff of wind carried the haze momentarily from the scene.)

(continued on next page)

THE SECOND PHOTO of the series. Firing has commenced. Spent shells lie in growing heaps at the gunners' feet, though all seem cool, aiming and firing or taking swipes with butterfly net or club. The trained nurse is pictured bandaging President Snodgrass' right hand. (He had received a slight wound in the first flurry of shots.) The entire unit works smoothly; the janitor is shown carrying away empty shells; the ammunition handler is rushing up fresh powder and ball and rifle shells. In the background stands the cow watching the firing from a distance of about 20 feet, I should judge.

* * *

THE THIRD PHOTOGRAPH was taken when a gust of wind cleared the smoke cloud for a moment. The cow stands composedly in the background and President Snodgrass leans against her in a graceful pose as, having rested the chamber pot on her back, he surveys the scene idly. A kindly smile lights his face as he observes the boyish enthusiasm of his young team. The nurse, her hair disturbed, and looking somewhat flustered, is bandaging President Snodgrass' other hand, a proceeding he hardly seems to notice.

The two gunners of the team are now firing in opposite directions; the club-wielder sits dazedly on the ground; and our butterfly-net entomologist has just netted the janitor. It is apparent in this scene what a terrific strain the members of the team worked under, although the cow (a beautiful Holstein named Bess, I recall) is still phlegmatic.

* * *

A FOURTH PHOTO, snapped a few minutes later when the smoke thinned, indicates that all concerned are beginning to crack under the wracking nervous tension engendered by the contest. President Snodgrass has just clapped the chamber pot trophy over one shooter's head.

(continued on next page)

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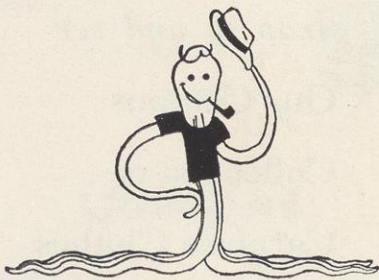
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WISCONSIN'S FORGOTTEN SPORT . . .

(continued from page 21)

The latter's arms are flung wide as he stumbles about blindly. The clubman, in a nervous fret, has just brought his club down on the netman's head and that person's sun helmet has expanded laterally under the force of the blow, while the netman is attempting to stab his attacker with the net handle. One gunner is down, seated in a leaning posture against the cow's rear leg (left) with a stunned expression. The janitor has seemingly been shot or trampled and lies motionless. The nurse, with hair flying and wearing a crazed look, is firing the shot gun into the smoke haze at the left. One of the barrels is hanging down limply, apparently overheated. The cow, as yet, seems calm.

* * *

THE FIFTH EFFORT of the photographer shows President Snodgrass (despite a bad wound in the left leg), the netman, and the rifleman engaged in a spirited three-way brawl with subbed rifle, butterfly net, and splintered club. The shotgunner has collapsed completely, and the nurse clings to the cow's neck in an attitude of exhaustion. The blacksmith is repairing the shot gun. The ammunition handler, face set in a demoniacal expression and probably maddened by the heat, the noise, and the action, is attacking the cow's tail with his teeth. The cow seems to have retained her placidity.

* * *

THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH is a collector's item. It shows the trophy presentation scene. Only three of the teams which competed remain. These are on the left. Next in line stand the cow and the nurse who is swathed in several bandages and still clings to the cow's neck. The blacksmith is on the far right, posing behind his portable anvil. In the background can be seen our "bag" hanging from a rack. On it are several old boots, a buggy wheel, the janitor, and a school-crossing sign shaped like a Boy Scout.

President Snodgrass lies in a prone position in the center foreground (he has received a second leg wound and is unable to stand). Reaching up, he proffers the trophy to a team member.

Across the back of this photograph is written in President Snodgrass' fine Spencerian hand "OURS FOR ANOTHER YEAR."

* * *

(Oddly enough, not a cow was injured that day, although the Harvard, Vassar, and Madison East High teams were wiped out entirely and several spectators wounded.)

Yes, a great old sport has gone. Let us hope that none other will fade and die as this one, to be mourned only by a handful of those who have gone before.

The preacher finished his sermon with, "All liquor should be thrown in the river." —And the choir ended by singing, "Shall we gather at the river?"

—Yellow Jacket

* * *

A local tavern keeper, who had a reputation for keeping strong brews, was awakened the other night by some heavy pounding on his front door. Putting his head out of the window, he shouted, "Go away. You can't have anything to drink at this hour."

"Who wants anything to drink," came the answer. "I left here at closing time without my crutches."

The Pin-ball Players' Pin-ball Player

*Sing a song of pin-ball,
Man against machine;
Sing of small cigar-stores
Wreathed in nicotine.
In this strange arena
Myriad millions stand,
Unsuppressed emotion
Rocks the manic band.*

*When the ball is rolling,
Hear the mighty roar:
"Sock it in the special!
Bounce me! Seven more!"
When the ball is stagnant,
Hear the bitter shout:
"Sloppy! — Sloppy pin-ball!
O farm that rookie out!"*

*But sing of Major Pin-Ball,
Man against machine,
Thrill to humming specials
Flashing red and green!
Others tramp to rivers,
To icy peak and shore;
We get our athletics
At any corner store.
No more charley horses,
Ankles on the bum;
All we ever suffer
Is pin-ball player's thumb.*

*But let us clean the game up,
Sport is not for thugs;
No more Sockless Jacksons
Passing wooden slugs;
Ban the gangs that gamble;
Keep the Series clean;
Outlaw pocket magnets,
Tilting the machine.*

*When I hang my spikes up,
Will I have a "day"?
Will the fans present me
With watch and Chevrolet?
And before I'm buried,
Will I see my name
Blazoned on the portals
Of Pin-Ball's Hall of Fame?*

—HARVARD LAMPOON

Girl: "I want some real kissproof lipstick."
Clerk: "Try this. It's a cross between an onion and bichloride of mercury."

* * *

The bandage-covered patient who lay in the hospital bed spoke dazedly to his visiting pal:

"Wh-What happened?"

"You absorbed one too many last night, and then you made a bet that you could jump out of the window and fly around the block."

"Why," screamed the beat-up citizen, "didn't you stop me?"

"Stop you, hell—I had \$25 on you."

—Froth

College Type Footwear

*Shop at our
store for the
smartest in
quality shoes*



*We specialize in
small sizes and
narrow widths*

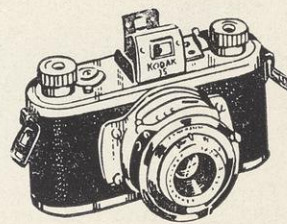
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614 State St.

On the Campus

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Class of '52



*Make our store
your headquarters
for*

"FINER FOTO FINISHING"

ONE DAY SERVICE!

Cameras — Supplies

Color Prints

Campus Camera

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Gifford 7163

HARVEY

DRUGS



"But he has a promising future. He may even grow up to be Governor."

The Poets Greet the Freshmen

It is a merry freshman
And he's stopped by one of three.
"By thy stacomb hair and foggy stare,
Join our fraternity."

The freshman's eyes are opened wide;
The lad is very mild.
His eyes fall on his high school pins,
And he listens like a child.

The freshman sits upon the curb,
He cannot choose but hear
And thus spake on the smoothie third,
That was seated very near.

He holds him with his pipe-free hand,
"We have a house" quoth he.
"Hold off, unhand me, smoothie third,
I need no fraternity."

The freshman wept and then declared,
"Why were you not more early?
Already am I stuck with rooms,
Tricked by a wretch named 'Curley'!"

—S. T. Coleridge, '07

* * *

My heart leaps up when I behold
A freshman in the sky.
He really isn't there, I'm told—
Who ever saw a freshman old
And pure enough to fly?

—W. Wordsworth, '39

* * *

Green grow the freshmen, O!
Green grow the freshmen, O!
The greenest green which man can
know

Does grow upon the freshmen, O!
—R. Burns, '14

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous fresh-
ie,

What confusion's on thy breastie:
A wee mite o' devilish tomfoolery—
Wearin' all your high school jewelry!
—R. Burns, '14

* * *

He dwells among well trodden ways
Beside Mendota's banks,
A freshman there are none to praise
And none who owe him thanks.

He lives unknown, and few yet know
His mind is rather dim;
Hence he will flunk ere long, and oh!
The difference to him!

—W. Wordsworth, '39

* * *

The freshman comes on little cat feet
And looks the joint over
And then moves on.
Who cares?

—C. Sandburg, '12

Dean (to co-ed): "Are you writing
that letter to a man?"

Co-ed: "It's a former roommate
of mine."

Dean: "Answer my question."

* * *

Coach: What's his name?

Manager: Ossscowinsinskiewskz.

Coach: Put him on the first team!
I never did like The Daily Cardinal,
anyway.

* * *

Sally—Papa, there was a man here
to see you today.

Papa—Did he have a bill?

Sally—Nope, just an ordinary nose
like yours.

—Froth

* * *

"If a buttercup is yellow, what
color is a hiccup?"

"I'm sure I can't guess."

"Burple!"

* * *

A sorority is a group of girls, liv-
ing in one house, with a single pur-
pose . . . to get more girls, to live in
one house, with a single purpose.

—Pelican

* * *

Boarder: "It's disgraceful, Mrs.
Skinner. I'm sure two rats were
fighting in my bedroom last night."

Mrs. Skinner: "So! What do you
want for 33 a week? Bull fights?"

* * *

They were watching the colored
lights illuminate Niagara Falls. The
bride bestowed a tender kiss on the
lobe of her spouse's left ear, then
whispered shyly, "Did all your friends
at the stag supper congratulate you?"
"Some," he frankly admitted, "but
eight of them thanked me."

* * *

The battleship was in port and
visitors were being shown around.
The guide was exhibiting a bronze
tablet on the deck.

Guide—And this was where our
gallant captain fell.

Little Ole Lady—Well, no wonder,
I nearly tripped on the damned thing
myself.

OCTY'S DREAM GIRL

Barbara Talley

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA

Photo by DeLonge



The Wooden Bowl

New surroundings have made no difference in the high standards of our home-cooked meals, for the Wooden Bowl continues to maintain its policy of serving its patrons fine food in an atmosphere of charm and hospitality.

The Wooden Bowl

2550 University Avenue ● At the Lark

PREFERENCE GIVEN TO RESERVATIONS

Closed Mondays

CLIPPER CRAFT

FINE CLOTHES GET YOUR
BUDGET'S BLESSINGS

- LONG WEARING FABRICS
- SMART STYLING
- MASTERFUL TAILORING

DAVIS and O'CONNELL
114 STATE *the store for men* 114 STATE

114 STATE ST.

Pages From the Life of a Heel

March 23 . . . This noon I met two fellows whose homes are in New York. I told them about my scholarships that would save them some dough on that \$200 tuition they paid every year. They were quite interested and I sold two scholarships for \$25 each. That reminds me—I must type some more scholarships.

March 24 . . . Today I walked into library and saw a sign which offered \$25 reward for the apprehension of anyone disfiguring library property. So I waited until my best friend came in and bet him two bucks he wouldn't carve his name in the wall. While he was busy I wandered off and had a little conversation with the head janitor. Tonight I sent a package of fruit to the police station for my friend. The \$22.50 I had left after buying those bananas is going to come in handy some day.

March 25 . . . I experimented with electricity today and learned a great deal. When my roommate came home and grabbed hold of the doorknob, he was quite surprised. Door-knobs are good conductors of electricity. The coroner asked a lot of pointless questions.

March 28 . . . Today I ran into an acquaintance from whom I'd regularly been mooching cigarettes. Very nonchalantly I asked him if he had an extra pack of cigarettes. I went through his pockets before he came to.

March 29 . . . Having quite a lot of leisure time tonight, I sat down and forged ten tickets to Military Ball. I guess I'll wholesale them to some stooge. After all, I'm primarily concerned with the production end of business.

March 30 . . . I sat in a booth tonight for a whole hour before I could get a group of people willing to pay me 50c to get up and let them have it. Hmmm, think I'll start a booth-monopoly syndicate.

April 4 . . . Today my shipment of slot machine slugs and glass-cutters arrived. About midnight, I tried one of the glass-cutters on a jewelry window on State street. It works pretty good, but I had to split with the cop on the beat.

April 7 . . . As I was leaving the Madison theater today by the side entrance I saw a bunch of little kids outside. I felt sorry for them so I kept the side door open and offered to let them in for a nickel each. After an hour or so, I began to get the adult trade at a dime each.

April 8 . . . I had a date tonight. My roommate called for a girl at Langdon about 9 o'clock. He brought her to a local confectionery. I felt sorry for her so I sat down with them and amused her. My roommate was busy buying cigarettes and beer. About 12:15 I said goodnight to my roommate and took the girl back to Langdon Hall. My doctor tells me that knife thrust in my shoulder will heal in a few weeks.

—R. P.

With all these poems about the rabbit,
And all about the rabbit's habit,
What would we do
For rabbit stew,
If rabbits didn't habit?

* * *

She: Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?

He: No, I hate hospitals.

"For six weeks you were shipwrecked on a desert island with a beautiful girl. What did you do for food?"

"Darned if I remember."

* * *

Infants play with their toes,
Babies play with their curls;
Schoolboys play with their tops;
Collegians take out girls.

—Hi Y'All

* * *

Statistics show that Yale graduates have 1.3 children, while Vassar graduates have 1.7. Which only goes to prove that women have more children than men.

—Kickapoo

* * *

This sentence is taken from an English history test paper: "Henry VIII, by his own efforts, increased the population of England by forty thousand."

* * *

She—what a wonderfully developed arm you have. Do you play basketball?

He—Yes, and may I ask were you ever on a track team?

—Aggievator

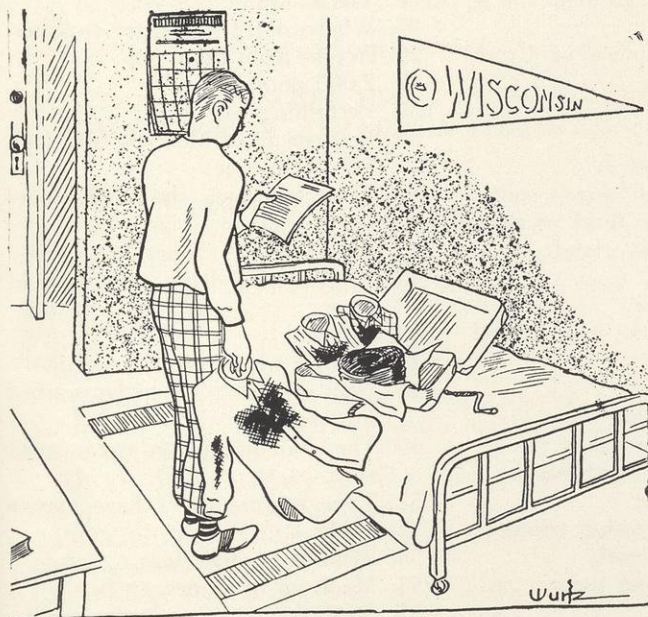
* * *

A dumb girl is a dope. A dope is a drug. Doctors give drugs to relieve pain. Therefore, a dumb girl is just what the doctor ordered.

* * *

An unobtrusive gentleman in the museum was gazing rapturously at a huge oil painting of a shapely girl dressed in only a few strategically arranged leaves. The title of the picture was "Spring."

Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped, "Well, what are you waiting for, autumn?"



"Dear Son,

I am sending you the white shirts you wanted laundered, and one of those chocolate cakes you always liked so well.—Mom."

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Brown's

Book Shop, Inc.

Wisconsin's Leading College Book Store

Friendly, Courteous Service

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RENTALS, SALES, REPAIRS

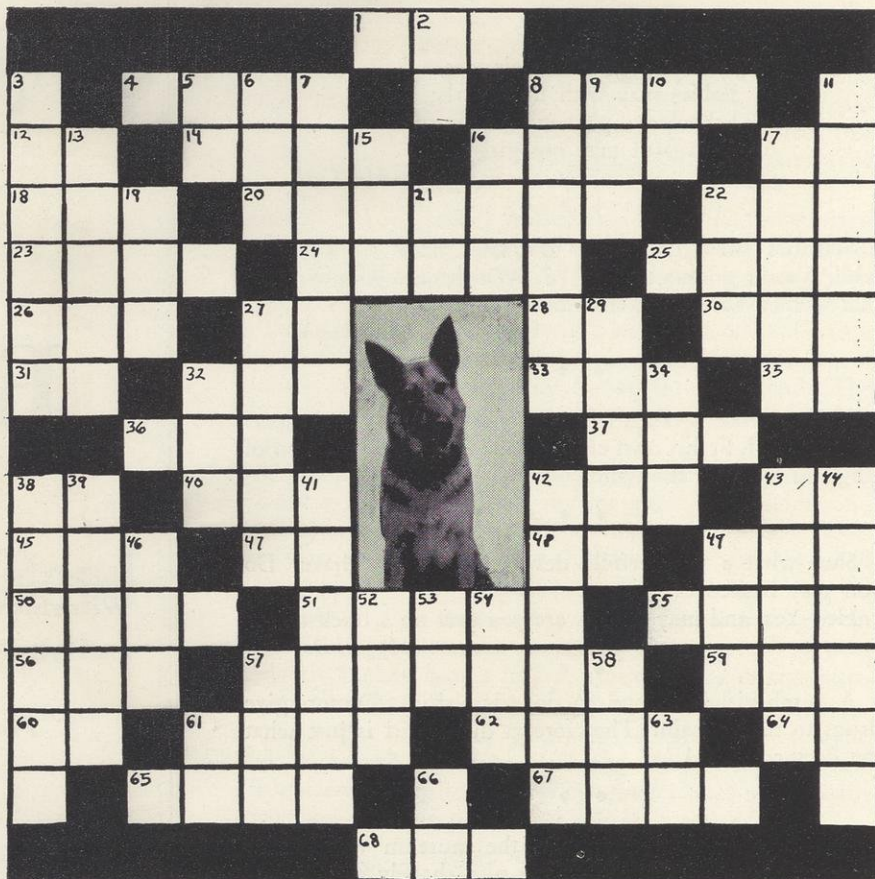
720 University Ave.

Gifford 275

A new monthly feature by Taffy Reetz

Octy's Campus X words

Solution on page 31.



HORIZONTAL

1. Pictured King of Langdon street.
4. Resorted to after semester of fun.
8. Weather conditions on a picnic.
12. Exclamation.
14. On corner of University and Park.
16. Keeps going up and up and up.
17. Los Angeles (abbr.).
18. Snare.
20. State of being sour.
22. Auditor (abbr.).
23. County we're in.
24. Holds helicopter up.
25. To tell one's honest opinion of oneself.
26. College of —s and Science.
27. Company (abbr.).
28. The fourth month (very abbr.).
30. Adam's downfall.
31. 36" (abbr.).
32. What girls spend hours to get.
33. — Beta Kappa.
35. Comparative ending.
36. Meter cabs — you.
37. Consumed.
38. 100th part of U. S. monetary unit (abbr.).
40. A pointed prong.
42. The one degree all co-eds strive for.
43. A ponderous mass (abbr.).
45. Vessel that saved mankind.

47. Not old (punny).

48. Exist.
49. Not he.
50. Most important.
51. Vodka plus a Manhattan and two whiskey sours.
55. 3.2.
56. An ornamented piece of Greek tin.
57. Feigns.
59. Territory (abbr.).
60. League of Nations, Jr.
61. To resist a second banana split.
62. A drop of saline fluid secreted by the lacrymatory gland.
64. Behold!
65. Sticks to dog's fur.
67. The man behind the man behind the student.
68. Man's best friend.

VERTICAL

2. Mort Levine's title (abbr.).
3. Day Cardinal isn't published.
5. Red Cross (abbr.).
6. Exclamation expressing triumph.
7. Short horizontal mark.
8. Snag the same man twice.
9. Not none.
10. Has no sex.
11. Plantigrade Carnivora (meles).
13. Most lectures are attended but not —.
15. God (Spanish).

16. "Flying Down to —."
17. An Arrow shirt man.
19. Rosemary Schwebs is —.
21. Pink elephants and snakes (singular).
22. Yo' is; we —.
27. Where old friends get together.
29. Across from the Co-op.
32. 2,000 pounds.
34. Pertaining to.
38. Between Lake Mendota and University avenue.
39. What lettermen should do more of.
41. Playmate of (1 across).
42. A dairyland drink not made of hops.
43. B.T.O.
44. Feeling when crib notes fail.
46. Next of which are to be notified in case of.
49. The diamond in an engagement ring.
52. Time seniors don't have classes (abbr.).
53. Symbol for tellerium.
54. Made up of scenes.
57. Stuff that surrounds the earth.
58. Fraternity on Lake street.
61. You in German.
63. Principal deity of the ancient Egyptians.
66. Towards.

Thirty Gallons Hath Wisconsin

By GALEN D. WINTER

(News item, Milwaukee Sentinel, July 7, 1948:
"In establishing a per capita average of 29.1 gallons of beer in 1947, Wisconsin folk retained their rating as the country's No. 1 beer drinkers for the third consecutive year.")

SCENE ONE:

A MILWAUKEE MANUFACTURER'S OFFICE

J. B.: Yes, young man?

YOUNG MAN: Could I have a few minutes of your time, sir? I—ah—have an invention that will possibly open up an entirely new field.

J. B.: Yes, yes. Please be brief, young man.

YOUNG MAN: Well, I call it the Handy Dandy Gallon Counter. This piece of platinum is inserted into a small hole that is cut in the throat. The batteries are attached by means of these wires and are concealed in the vest pocket. The counter is hidden behind the ear. As the beer goes down the throat, the counting mechanism is ticking way behind the ear recording the amount of beer in gallons. When 30 gallons is reached, a light flashes, and when 35 have been drunk . . . well, at 35 a bell rings and—

J. B.: Gad, what genius! What is your name?

YOUNG MAN: Just call me G. D., J. B.

J. B. (with mounting enthusiasm): I can see it all now, G. D. The light flashes on or the bell rings, then the house will buy. The patrons will buy back. New records for our glorious state!

YOUNG MAN: Yes, J. B., and we'll be able to change the design of the Handy Dandy Gallon Counter, and the color every year.

J. B.: Like pin ball machines! Gad, G. D., we'll make millions! Can I call you partner?

(CURTAIN)

SCENE TWO:

BACK ROOM OF A MADISON POLITICAL MEETING

JONES: We've got to do something, boys. As things stand now, Pennybomm couldn't pull 50 votes if he voted 49 times himself. We've got to think of something, some trick. We've got to sell him to the public. We need an entirely new approach—

ROBERTS: I've got it, chief! I've got it!

ALL: What?

ROBERTS: Put on a picture campaign, see. Print pictures of Smith in every Wisconsin bar in every Wisconsin voting district.

JONES: Right! That's it. A picture of Smith in the Cabin with a bottle of Fauerbach—

PETERSON: —falling off a bar stool in the Hialeah with a glass of Blatz—

LAVERY: flat on his back at Ballard's, clutching a pony of Miller's High Life to his breast—

JONES: —and we'll start a whispering campaign that the opposition doesn't like beer—

LAVERY: —and drinks whiskey instead.

ROBERTS: We'll ruin him.

(continued on page 30)

Jewelry of Distinction



Accurate Time Pieces

By Bulova & Hamilton

SPARKLING DIAMOND RINGS

SILVERWARE & CLOCKS

E. W. MEIER

Welcome . . .

Class of '52

And all our

old friends

Complete Dinners

CUBA CLUB

Open Sunday at 1

5 to 11 Weekdays

Closed Monday

3416 University Ave.

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Carmen's

welcomes WISCONSIN Co-eds!



"it's fun to shop at Carmen's" for—



HARRISMOOR Coats

JEAN LANG Dresses

HARROLD Suits

JO COLLINS Sportswear

CAROL Casual Hats

MADMOISELLE, AIR-STEP Shoes

9 S. Pinckney St. — "on the square"

FOR
YOUR
AFTER-
DANCING
PLEASURE . . .



A Delicious Good-Nite Treat

at

The Chocolate Shop

548 State Street

Badger 684

THIRTY GALLONS . . .

(continued from page 29)

JONES: We're in, boys. Smith is as good as elected, and we've saved the day. The party shall not fall.

(CURTAIN)

SCENE THREE: A GREEN BAY BAR

(In the background, the juke box is playing "Beer Has Killed My Father and I'm Bound to Have Revenge.")

JOE: Hi, Pete. Long time no see. Hear ya got married.

PETE: Yup. Roll over, honey, so's Joe can see your face. Whatsa matter, Joe? Ya don't look so good.

JOE: It was that movie, "The Found Weekend." Horrible thing. Makes a man stop and think where sobriety leads him.

PETE: Yup. It was too realistic for me. There's nothing funny about a sober man. I understand Ray Milland gets letters from all over askin' him what to do with sober husbands and boy-friends.

JOE: They shouldn't put pictures like that out. Young kids might think it's smart and go out and get sober just so's they can see a bat catch a mouse.

PETE: It's no good.

JOE: Somebody ought to do something about it.

PETE: Let's have another round of beers.

(CURTAIN)

SCENE FOUR: THE BACK ROW OF A CHURCH WEDDING IN EAU CLAIRE

MILLY: Well, what do you think, Sarah?

SARAH: It seems to me that she could have done better, Milly. I understand that he doesn't drink beer.

MILLY: Not even whiskey!

SARAH: No!

MILLY: Yes. I saw him last Saturday night walking down the street in a straight line.

SARAH: Cold sober?

MILLY: Absolutely.

SARAH: Heavens! The poor girl.

MILLY: His father was the same way. Never touched a drop every night.

SARAH: What on earth can she see in him?

MILLY: And she's such a dear.

(CURTAIN)

SCENE FIVE: SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN KENOSHA

SHERIFF: Height?

APPLICANT FOR DRIVER'S LICENSE: Six feet, two inches.

SHERIFF: Weight?

A.F.D.L.: 180 pounds.

SHERIFF: Color of eyes?

A.F.D.L.: Bloodshot.

(CURTAIN)

Judge: "Officer, what makes you think this gentleman is intoxicated?"

Officer: "Well, judge, I didn't bother him when he staggered down the street, or when he fell flat on his face, but when he put a nickel in the mailbox, looked up at the clock on the Presbyterian Church, and said, 'My God I've lost fourteen pounds!', I brought him in."

—Covered Wagon

When tha frost is on tha freshman and tha profs are on
tha hill,
When yer writin' checks on Poppa er a-sendin' him the
bill,
And ya see them college honeys who are smooth enough
ta blindya,
And yer mighty near fergettin' all tha gals ya left
behindya;
O, it's then tha time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
When he slides down in his history seat ta get sum hard-
earned rest,
And tha bookstores is a-gloatin' over money in tha till
When tha frost is on tha freshman an' tha profs are on
tha hill.

* * *

* * *

* * *

—*Pup*

	R	E	X										
M	C	R	A	M	D	R	A	I	N	B			
O	H	C	H	A	D	R	E	N	T	S	A		
N	E	T	A	C	I	D	I	T	Y	A	U	D	
D	A	N	E	R	O	T	O	R	B	R	A	G	
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S	B	U	R	R	T	D	E	A	N	R			
					D	O	G						

1848



1948

Fauerbach

MADISON



*"I'm too small
to go to*

Centennial Ball

Saturday, October 9
It's a 2 o'clock Night — Formal
THE WISCONSIN UNION

Welcome

Class of '52

For your Snacks
may we suggest our
complete selection of
cheeses, candies, and
other delicacies

The
GOURMET SHOP

We Pack and Send Gift Boxes
Anywhere

129 State F. 2613
(Near the Theaters)

PORTRAITS

For GRADUATION

For GLAMOUR

For GIFTS

or Just For
"GOODNESS" SAKE

IT'S

BADGER STUDIO

619 State St.



"What's the matter? Ain't this joint insured?"

THE FAKE SUNLIGHT . . .

(continued from page 11)

lowed it with news that was not newsworthy. The young man paused, scanned a front page and the magazine rack, then moved on.

Down Wisconsin avenue toward Fifth street he walked, threading his way amongst a scurrying crowd of shoppers. Past a cut-rate clothing shop, past the Penney store. He changed directions at the corner beer garden and headed back toward Wells along Fifth street.

As he veered he bumped into a woman. She was fat, hurried, and shopping. She said "Oof," and the young man backed away. Her purse lay open on the sidewalk, and he stooped, held it for a moment, and gave it back to her. The woman said "Thanks" and showed a smile that was flickering and meaningless.

The wind was to his back, now, buffeting a stream of traffic that moved at the whim of a whistled cop.

At the corner an old man touched him on the arm and asked for a dime. The young man looked at the old man and saw a toothless face black-specked with whiskers, and whiskers that were white-specked with age. He reached into his pocket and took out a quarter. He looked at the quarter and gave it to him.

The old man tipped his hat and smiled a pink-gummed smile.

He had returned to Wells street. Another streetcar whined, and when it passed the fake-gold fronts of the

pawnshops glistened in the fake sunlight. The cold, warmthless sunlight that lied of brightness.

A blind man selling pencils. No, not blind. No legs. Sitting motionless, absolutely motionless, his hat filled with pencils. Not even shivering.

The young man dropped a nickel into the hat. He started to take a pencil, then dropped it back. The young eyes stared into eyes that were stony and hard and trained to stare back at all the discomforts of life; cold street, cold hands, but never cold feet. The stumps of his legs sat under him like extra buttocks, forever useless. The eyes watched the young man's eyes as they stared at the jointure where the legs should be. The eyes were narrowed with hatred, gleaming with resentment. But he said nothing.

The young man passed on, and his clear-boned Nordic face was clouded with a frown.

He passed a woman. She was old, too old for what she was; too painted, too rotten-toothed, too tight-fitting. Her veneered face glistened, and she promised a youth that wasn't hers.

Her dark-capped smile passed out of sight.

A dog, a mongrel, a mutt whose ancestors were mutts, wove its dirty way out of an alley, nose to the ground, sniffing. It lost the trace of a scent and disappeared back into the alley, still sniffing . . .

A woman started out of a doorway ahead. She was a large woman with an imitation-caracul coat. She paused on the cement stoop to straighten her gloves. She stepped forward as the young man came abreast of her, and one high-heeled shoe struck a patch of ice.

Her large body thudded heavily against his as she hurtled forward. The young man was thrown sideways, and his hat fell off, but he braced his arms under hers and held her up.

His head, caught in a shaft of sunlight, gleamed with straw-gold hair. His smile, belated as it was, erased the frown.

"I'm aw-fully sorry," the woman said. "That damned ice—"

"That's all right." He picked up his hat, brushed it, and the woman muttered much about thanks while she searched inside her purse.

"Here," she said, and she held out a dollar. "I've really got to give you something—"

The young man shook his head. "That's all right," he repeated, and his voice was sure with the sureness of the young, and soft with an uncompromising kindness.

"But you saved me from—"

"That's all right." He saw that her face was puffy and her eyes too-knowing and not-knowing-enough; he saw that she was blonde and frow-sy and out-of-breath. He touched his hat and walked on.

The young man stood, once more, in front of the pawnshop. He studied the array of second-hand clothes, of cameras, of watches and rings set into a soiled, dusty velvet background. He looked through the narrow open panel-work into the shop, at the kinky-haired Jew who read a paper under a green-shaded light.

He looked at the cameras, the watches, the rings. He looked again at the Jew, who now scratched his head.

He went in, and the door swung shut with a sharp pouf behind him. And as it shut the clear-boned face became a hard-boned face. One hand pointed toward the safe, the other held a snub-nosed revolver.

FRATERNAL ADVICE

My brother, you are but a freshman,
A freshman from Lodi, at that.
Steer clear of dice and tobacco,
And spirits brewed in a vat.
Fall not prey to the smiles of the
co-ed;

Remain to their wiles chill and mute;
For they'll lead you to Open-Houses
And places of low repute.
Leave the cards, liquor, and women
Who'll leave you soon for another;
Leave them, leave them one and all,
Leave them all to brother.

—M. L. G.

* * *

A minister, making a call, and his hostess were sitting in the parlor when the small son came running in, carrying a dead rat. "Don't worry, Mother, it's dead. We bashed him and beat him until—" and noticing the minister for the first time, he added in a lowered voice—"until God called him home."

—Yale Record

* * *

THE PANACEA

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—GOTTFRIED
Pelican



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SPLINTER AND BOARD . . .

(continued from page 10)

are you there?" called a member of the crew. Obviously this fellow's a foreigner, I thought. These Englishmen sure get around. He probably got the yacht from us on the Marshall plan.

"I've come to take you home," he said. He lashed the line from my raft to his boat and towed us to port. Then he gently helped me to the pier and we walked up the path. The kind looking foreigner was dressed immaculately in a white suit, and I thought humorously how silly these English were. They never go out in the noon-day sun without their umbrella. He led me to the portals of a large, imposing building which didn't at all resemble the dormitories, yet it had a faintly familiar air. Over the door was inscribed the name, "Mendota."

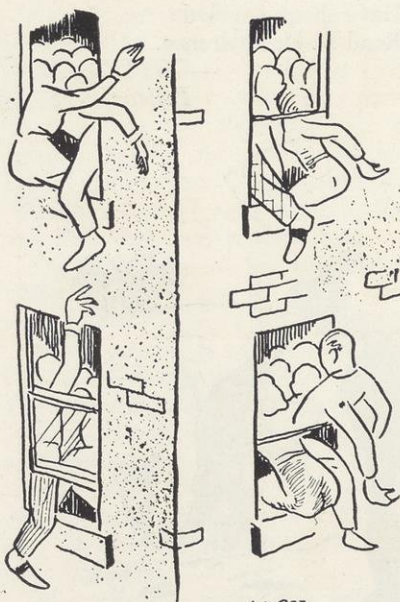
We entered the cool interior and found the other members of student board seated about playing cribbage.

"Hurry up," yelled John. "You're late for the picnic." I sat down at a table, picked up my cards, and reached for the pickle jar.

"Pig," hissed Nancy Phillips, "I saw you eat the other one, so don't deny it."

First spring robin: "It's nice to see you back. Have you seen our old friend professor Battrick?"

Second spring robin: "Oh, yes. I spotted him yesterday."



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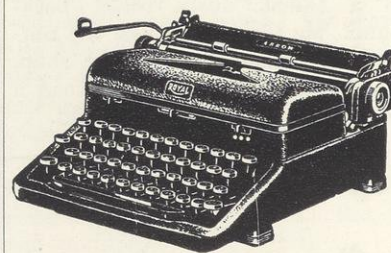
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 WEEKEND ENDS	 STUDY	STUDY	STUDY	STUDY	 WHEEL THE WEEKEND KICKOFF BALL	FOOTBALL — 2 I'll HERE
3	4	5	6	7	CENTENIAL 8 OPENS	OUT-OF-TOWN GAME 9
10 INDEED PICTURES	11	12	STUDIO 13 PLAY	14 STUDIO PLAY	HARVEST 15 BALL	YALE HERE 16 GRRR
PRO ARTE QUARTET 17 SUN. MUSIC HOUR	18	PRE-ELECTION 19 RALLY	20	21	 PANHELL BALL 22	IMA-IWA INFORMAL 23
24 HALLOWEEN	25 GREEK WEEK PLAYER PRODUCTION	26 PLAY	27 PLAY	28 PLAY	29 IF BALL PLAY	LIZ WATERS INFORMAL 30

Looking at Octopus from

The Editor's Brown Study

No one reads the Brown Study page. That is why the staff allows the Editor to puddle around in it to his heart's content.

Every editor wonders what to do with this, his own private playground. Shall he make it an editorial page? There have been some excellent editorials on Brown Study pages in the past. Should he make it another page of humor? The Brown Study has been that too. Or should he turn it into a quiet corner where the Editor sits in a leather chair, wears carpet slippers, and smokes a fragrant pipe, while he passes out gentle, wise observations on the university and the world beyond?

There are three good questions. The present editor is at a loss to answer them. He can only say that there will be something on the page every month. What it is may well depend on what mood he is in each month.

* * *

Perhaps it would be well to talk about Octopus in the first Brown Study of the year. The reader may be interested in the magazine, what it is, why it is what it is, and what it is going to be.

First of all, the purpose of the magazine is to entertain. The magazine is not interested in reporting news, which is best left to daily and weekly periodicals, and it is not interested in scandal-mongering or muck-raking. It may criticize, but when it does so, it will be through the medium of humor for the purpose of entertaining.

Octopus is primarily a humor magazine, but it also includes non-humor features (Dream Girl, Short Story of the Month, feature article) which are supposed to entertain, too.

Octopus is the University of Wisconsin humor magazine. As such, it is the policy of the editors to point the magazine as much as possible towards the campus. The University is the scene the magazine views, studies, and laughs at. There are some college humor magazines which seem to avoid campus themes in their cartoons and prose as though they were sinful. The Octopus staff hopes

that they will not be able to say that about Octopus.

Although the magazine is primarily interested in college life at Wisconsin, the editors are eager to get good writing and cartoons on any theme, providing that it is printable. The magazine has a duty to contributors as well as the readers. Octopus is the place where Badgers can try their hand at being humorous.

The magazine is written, illustrated, edited, and business-managed by students. The trouble is that too often it is the work of too few students. This is bad for many reasons. It means too few styles of writing and



drawing fill too much space, which is boring to the reader, too much work for the few contributors, and therefore, not very funny to begin with.

The staff of Octopus wants each issue to be based on the work of as many students as possible. If a student has the itch to write funny prose, humor verse, or draw cartoons, we'll be glad to see him or her. Or if the contributor is shy, we'll be happy to get contributions by mail.

The editors are not ogres. We have bitten only one person (a boy who brought us a sandwich and forgot to withdraw his hand fast enough).

We will try to give opinions on material submitted and return manuscripts as fast as we can. And we promise not to say anything mean. (After all, we're not Robert Benchleys or Peter Arnos ourselves, so we can't pontificate very well yet.)

The editors would like to see contributions to the short story page, too. There is no literary magazine on the campus at present, and we would like to furnish an outlet for serious short stories.

Here again, our purpose is to entertain. We do not want "formula" stories, but neither do we want odd experiments in prose which only the author and his "arty" buddies can appreciate. There are several staff members who have written serious short stories, and they like to read anything anyone cares to show them. (Perhaps they're a bunch of hungry plagiarists.)

Because of the page size of Octopus, about two thousand words is the maximum length on serious short stories, with twelve to fifteen hundred words preferred.

* * *

A few words about this issue. There have been some changes made since last year. If you like them or don't like them, we'd like to hear about it.

A campus calendar has been added. The Campus Crossword Puzzle by Taffy Reetz is new. Harvey, the summation of all confused undergraduates, is back after a year's vacation. The table of contents page is an innovation designed to help the reader see at a glance what is in the magazine.

The "Whom to Blame" department is illustrated to give the reader a look at the students who fill the magazine. (It also makes the contributors feel more important.)

The "Letters to the Editor" department begins with this issue. We hope that it will stimulate correspondence from our readers. We want to know what the students think of the magazine, what they like and don't like.

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